



Ouids Elegies:

Three Bookes.

By C. M.

Epigrames by I. D.



At Middleburgh.

If one stone cut the most durable glass
By up you two to split a tender Lass

How long man so pansin Obtains
he that tells
this Book the
Jewel on him Log
James Edward
Book 1730

P. Ouidij Nasonis amorum.
Liber primus.

ELEGIA. I

*Quemadmodum à Cupidine pro bellis amoris
scribere coactus sit.*

VV E which were *Ouids* five books now are three
For these before the rest preferreth he.
If reading five thou plain'st of tediousnesse.
Two tane away, thy labour will be lesse.
With Muse prepar'd I meant to sing of Armes,
Choosing a subiect fit for fierce alarmes.
Both verses were a like till loue (men say)
Began to smile and tooke one foote away.
Rash boy, who gaue thee power to change a line?
We are the Muses Prophets, none of thine.
What if thy mother take *Dian*s bow,
Shall *Dian* fanne, when loue begins to glow.
In wooddy groues is't meete that *Ceres* raigne?
And quier-bearing *Dian* till the plaine.
Who'le set the faire trest sunne in battell ray,
While *Mars* doth take the *Ionian* Harp to play.
Great are thy kingdomes, ouer strong and large,
Ambitious impe, why seek'st thou further charge?
Are all things thine? the Muses Temple thine?
Then scarce can *Phœbus* say, this Harp is mine.
When in this workes first verse I trode aloft,
Loue slackt my Muse, and made my numbers soft.
I haue no mistresse, nor no fauorite,
Being fittest matter, for

Thus

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thus I complain'd, but loue vnlockt his quiver,
 Tooke out the shaft, ordain'de my heart to shiner:
 And bent his sinewie bow vpon his knee,
 Saying Poet, heere's a worke be seeming thee.
 Oh woe is me, he neuer shootes but hits,
 I burne, loue in my idle bosome fits.
 Let my first verse be fixe, my last fiae feete,
 Fare-well sterne warre, for blunter Poets meete.
Elegian Muse, that warblest amorous laies,
 Girt my shine brow with Sea-banke Mirtle praise.

ELEGIA. 2.

*Quod primo amore correptus, in triumphum ductus
 a cupidine patiatur.*

VWhat makes my bed seeme hard seeing it is soft?
 Or why slips downe the couerlet so oft?
 Although the nights be long, I sleepe not tho,
 My sides are sore with tumbling ro and fro.
 Were loue the cause, it's like I should descry him,
 Or lyes he close, and shootes where none can spie him.
 'Twas so, he stroke me with a slender dart,
 Tis cruell loue turmoyle my captiue heart.
 Yeelding or strugling do we giue him might,
 Let's yeeld, a burthen easly borne is light.
 I saw a brandisht fire increase in strength,
 Which being not slackt, I saw it dye at length.
 Young Oxen newly yoakt are beaten more,
 Then Oxen which haue drawne the plough before.
 And rough lades mouthes with stuborne bits are torne,
 But managde horses heads are lightly borne.
 Vnwilling louers, loue doth more torment,

Then

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Then such as in their bondage feele content.
Loe I confesse, I am thy captiue I,
And hold my conquer'd hands for thee to tie.
What need'st thou warre, I sue to thee for grace,
With armes to conquer armelesse men is base.
Yoake *Venus* Doues, put Mirtle on thy haire,
Vulcan will giue thee chariots rich and faire.
The people thee applauding thou shalt stand,
Guiding the harmelesse Pigeons with thy hand.
Yong men, and women shalt thou lead as thrall,
So will thy triuuph seeme magnificall.
I lately caught, will haue a new made wound,
And captiue like be manacled and bound.
Good meaning shame, and such as seeke loues wracke
Shall follow thee their hands tyed at their back.
Thee all shall feare, and worship as a King,
Io, rriumphing shall thy people sing.
Smooth speeches, feare, and rage shall by thee ride,
Which troupes haue alwayes bene on *Cupids* side.
Thou with these soul iours, conquerest Gods and men,
Take these away, where is thine honour then?
Thy mother shall from heauen applaude this show,
And on their faces heapes of Roses strow.
With beautie of thy wings thy faire haire gilded,
Ride golden loue in chariots richly builded.
Vnlesse I erre, full many shalt thou burne,
And giue wounds infinite at euery turne.
In spite of thee forth will thine arrowes flye,
A scortching flame burnes all the standers by.
So hauing conquer'd *Iude* was *Bacchus* hew,
The pompous Birds, and him two Tygers drew.
Then seeing I grace thy show in following thee,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Forbeare to hurt thy selfe in spoyling me.
Behold thy kins-mans *Cæsars* prosperous bands,
Who guards thee conquered, with his conquering hands.

ELEGIA. 3.

Ad amicam.

I Aske but right: let he that caught me late,
Either loue, or cause that I may neuer hate.
I aske too much, would she but let me loue her,
Ioue knowes with such like prayers I daily moue her,
Accept him that will serue thee all his youth,
Accept him that will loue with spotelesse truth.
If loftie titles cannot make me thine,
That am descended but of Knightly line.
Soone may you plow the little land I haue,
I gladly grant my parents giuen, to saue.
Apollo, Bacchus and the *Muses* may,
And *Cupid* who hath markt me for thy pray.
My spotelesse life, which but to Gods giue place,
Naked simplicity, and modest grace.
I loue but one, and her I loue, change neuer,
If men haue faith, I'll liue with thee for euer.
The yeares that fatall destinie shall giue,
I'll liue with thee, and dye, ere thou shalt grieue.
Be thou the happy subiect of my bookes,
That I may write things worthy thy faire lookes.
By verses horned *I* got her name,
And she to whom in shape of Swanne *Ioue* came,
And she that on a fain'd Bull swamme to land,
Griping his false hornes with her virgin hand.
So likewise we will through the world be rung,
And with my name shall thine be alwayes sung.

ELE.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 4.

*Amicam, qua arce, quibusue nutibus in cena presente
viro uti debeat, admonet.*

THy husband to a banquet goes with me,
Pray God it may his latest supper be.
Shall I sit gazing as a bashfull guest,
While others touch the damle I I loue best?
With lying, vnder him his besome clippe?
About thy neck shall he at pleasure skippe?
Marueile not, though the faire Bride did incite,
The drunken *Centaures* to a sodaine fight.
I am no halfe horse, nor in woods I dwell,
Yet scarce my hands from thee containe I well.
But how thou should'st behaue thy selfe now know
Nor let the windes away my warnings blow.
Before thy husband come, though I not see,
What may be done, yet there before him be.
Lye with him gently, when his limbes he spread,
Vpon the bed, but on my feete first tread.
View me, my becks, and speaking countenance,
Take, and receiue each secret amorous glance.
Words without voyce shall on my eye-browes sit,
Lines thou shalt read in wync by my hand writ.
When our lasciuious toyes come in thy minde,
Thy Rosie cheekes be to thy thombe inclinde.
If ought of me thou speak'it in inward thought,
Let thy soft finger to thy eare be brought.
When I (my light) do or say ought that please thee,
Turne round thy gold-ring, as it were to ease thee.
Strike on the boord like them that pray for euill,
When thou doest with thy husband at the deuil.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What wine he fills thee, wisely will him drinke,
Aske thou the boy, what thou enough doest thinke.
When thou hast tasted, I will take the cup,
And where thou drink'st, on that part I will sup.
If he giues thee what first himselfe did tast,
Euen in his face his offered Goblets cast.
Let not thy neck by his vile armes be prest,
Nor leaue thy soft head on his boistrous brest.
Thy besomes Roseat buds let him not finger,
Chiefely on thy lips let not his lips linger.
If thou giuest kisses, I shall all disclose,
Say they are mine, and hands on thee impose.
Yet this I'le see, but if thy gowne ought couer,
Suspitious feare in all my veines will houer.
Minglenot thighs, nor to his legge ioyne thine,
Nor thy soft foote with his hard foote combine.
I haue beene wanton, therefore am perplext,
And with mistrust of the like measure vext.
I and my wench oft vnder clothes did lurke,
When pleasure mou'd vs to our sweetest worke.
Do not thou so, but throw thy mantle hence,
Least I should thinke thee guilty of offense.
Entreat thy husband drinke, but do not kisse,
And while he drinks, to adde more do not misse,
If he lyes downe with wine and sleepe opprest,
The thing and place shall counsell vs the rest.
When to goe home. wards we rise all along,
Haue care to walke in middle of the throng.
There will I finde thee or be found by thee,
There touch what euer thou canst touch of me.
Aye me I warne what profits some few howers,
But we must part, when beau'n with black night lowers.

O V L D S E L E G I E S .

At night thy husband clippes, I will weepe
 And to the dores sight of thy selfe keeper
 Then will he kisse thee, and not onely kisse,
 But force thee giue him my stolne honey blisse.
 Constrain'd against thy will giue it the pezants
 Forbeare sweet wordes, and be your sport vnpleasant,
 To him I pray it no delight may bring,
 Or if it do: to thee no ioy thence spring.
 But though this night thy fortune be to trie it,
 To me to morrow constantly deny it.

E L E G I A . 5 .

Corinna Concubitu.

IN summers heate and mid-time of the day,
 To rest my limbes vpon a bed I lay.
 One window shut, the other open stood,
 Which gaue such light, as twinkles in a wood.
 Like twilight glimps at setting of the Sunne,
 Or night being past, and yet not day begunne.
 Such light to shamefast maidens must be showne,
 Where they may sport, and seeme to be vnknowne.
 Then came *Corinna* in a long loose gowne,
 Her white neck hid with tresses hanging downe.
 Resembling fayre *Semiramis* going to bed,
 Or *Layis* of a thousand woers sped.
 I snacht her gowne being thin, the harme was small,
 Yet striu'd she to be couered there withall.
 And striuing thus as one that would be cast,
 Betray'd her selfe, and yeelded at the last.
 Starke naked as she stood before mine eye,
 Not one wen in her body could I spie.

What

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What armes and shoulders did I touch and see,
 How apt her breasts were to be prest by me.
 How smooth a belly vnder her wast saw I?
 How large a legge, and what a luttie thigh?
 To leaue the rest all lik'd me passing well,
 I cling'd her naked body, downe she fell,
 Iudge you the rest, being tri'd she bid me kisse,
None send me more such after-noones as this.

ELEGIA. 6.

Ad Ianitorem, ut fores sibi aperiat.

VNworthy porter, bound in chaines full sore,
 On mooued hookes set ope the churlish dore.
 Little I aske, a little entrance make,
 The gate halfe ope my bent side in will take.
 Long loue my body to such vlie make slender,
 And to get out doth like apt members render.
 He shewes me how vnheard to passe the watch,
 And guides my feete leass stumbling falles they catch
 But in times past I fear'd vaines shades, and night,
 Wondring if any walked without light.
 Loue hearing it laug'd with his tender mother,
 And siniling sayd, be thou as bold as other.
 Forth-with loue came, no darke night flying spright,
 Nor hands prepar'd to slaughter, me affright.
 Thee feare I too much: onely thee I flatter,
 Thy lightning can my life in pieces batter.
 Why enuiest me, this hostile dende vnbarre,
 See how the gates with my teares wat' red are.
 When thou stood'st naked ready to be beate,
 For thee I did thy mistresse faire intreate.

But

OVIDS ELEGIES. TWO

But what entreates for thee some-times tooke place,
 (O mischiefe) now for me obtaine small grace:
Gratis thou maiest be free giue like for like,
 Night goes away: the dores barre backward strike.
 Strike, so againe hard chaines shall binde thee neuer,
 Nor seruile water shalt thou drinke for ever,
 Hard-hearted *Porter* doest and wilt not heare,
 With stiffe oake propt the gate doth still appeare.
 Such rampierd gates besieged Citties ayde,
 In midst of peace why art of armes afrayde?
 Exclud'st a louer, how would'st vse a foe?
 Strike back the barre, night fast away doth goe.
 With armes or armed men I come not guarded,
 I am alone, were furious loue discarded.
 Although I would, I cannot him cashiere,
 Before I be deuided from my geere.
 See loue with me, wyne moderate in my braine,
 And on my haire a crowne of flowers remaine.
 Who feares these armes? who will not goe to meet them,
 Night runnes away, with open entrance greeete them?
 Art carelesse? or ist sleepe forbids thee heare,
 Giuing the windes my words running in thine eare.
 Well I remember when I first did hire thee,
 Watching till after mid-night did not tire thee.
 But now perchance thy wench with thee doth rest,
 Ah how thy lot, is aboue my lot blest:
 Though it be so, shut me not out therefore,
 Night goes away: I pray thee ope the dore.
 Erre we? or do the turned hinges sound,
 And opening dores with creaking noyse abound?
 We erre: a strong blast seem'd the gates to ope:
 Aie me how high that gale did lift my hope!

If

OVIDS ELEGIES.

If *Boreas* beares *Oritbyas* rape in minde,
 Some breake these deafe dores with thy boisterous winde.
 Silent the citie is: nights deawie hoast,
 March fast away: the barre strike from the poast.
 Or I more sterne then fire or sword will turne,
 And with my brand these gorgeous houses burne.
 Night, loue, and wine to all extreames perswade:
 Night, shamelesse wyne, and loue are fearelesse made.
 All haue I spent: no threats or prayers moue thee,
 O harder then the dores thou gardest I proue thee.
 No pretty wenches keeper may st thou be,
 The carefull prison is more meete for thee.
 Now frosty night her flight beginnes to take,
 And crowing Cocks poore soules to worke awake.
 But thou my crowne from sad haire tane away,
 On this hard threshold till the morning lay.
 That when my mistresse there beholds thee cast,
 She may perceiue how we the time did wast.
 What ere thou art, farewell, be like me pain'd,
 Carelesse farewell, with my fault not distain'd.
 And farewell cruell posts rough thresholds block,
 And dores conioyn'd with an hard iron lock.

ELEGIA 7.

Ad pacandam amicam, quam verberauerat.

BInde fast my hands, they haue deserued chaines,
 While rage is absent, take some friend the paines.
 For rage against my wench mou'd my rash arme,
 My mistresse weepes whom my mad hand did harme.
 I might haue then my parents deare misus'd,
 Or holy Gods with cruell stroakes abus'd.

Why?

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Why? *Ajax* maister of the seven-fold shield,
Butcher'd the flocks he found in spacious field.
And he who on his mother veng'd his fire,
Against the destinies durst, sharp darts require.
Could I therefore her comely tresses teare?
Yet was she graced with her ruffled hayre.
So faire she was, *Atalanta* she resembled,
Before whose bow th' *Arcadian* wild beasts trembled.
Such *Ariadne* was, when she bewayles,
Her perjur'd *Theseus* flying vowes and sayles.
So chaste *Minerva* did *Cassandra* fall,
De flowr'd except, within thy Temple wall.
That I was mad, and barbarous all men cryed,
She nothing said, pale feare her tongue had tyed.
But secretly her lookes with checks did trounce me,
Her teares, she silent, guilty did pronounce me.
Would of mine armes, my shoulders had beene scanted,
Better I could part of my selfe haue wanted.
To mine owne selfe haue I had strength so furious,
And to my selfe could I be so iniurious.
Slaughter and mischiefes instruments, no better,
Deserued chaines these cursed hands shall fetter.
Punisht I am, if I a *Romaine* beat,
Ouer my Mistris is my right more great.
Tydides left worst signes of villanie,
He first a Goddesse strooke; another *L*
Yet he harm'd lesse, whom I profess'd to loue,
I harm'd: a foe did *Diomedes* anger moue.
Go now thou Conqueror, glorious triumphs raise,
Pay vowes to *Ioue*: engirt thy haire with baies.
And let the troupes which shall thy Chariot follow,
Lo, a strong man conquer'd this wench, hollow.

Let

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Let the sad captiue formost with lockes spred,
 On her white neck but for hurt cheekes ke led.
 Meeter it were her lips were blew with kissing,
 And on her neck a wanton marke not missing.
 But though I like a swelling flood was driuen,
 And as a pray vnto blinde anger giuen.
 Wa'st not enough the fearefull wench to chide?
 Nor thunder in rough threatings haughty pride?
 Nor shamefully her coate pull ore her crowne,
 Which to her wast her girdle still kept downe,
 But cruelly her tresses hauing rent,
 My nayles to scratch her louely cheekes I bent.
 Sighing she stood, her blood-lesse white lookes shewed,
 Like marble from the *Parian* Mountaines hewed.
 Her halfe dead ioynts, and trembling limmes I saw,
 Like *Popler* leaues blowne with a stormy flaw.
 Or slender eares, with gentle *Zephire* shaken,
 Or waters tops with the warme south-winde taken.
 And downe her cheekes, the trickling teares did flow,
 Like water gushing from consuming snow.
 Then first I did perceiue I had offended,
 My blood, the teares were that from her descended.
 Before her feete thrice prostrate downe I fell,
 My feared hands thrice back she did repell.
 But doubt thou not (reuenge doth grieve appease,)
 With thy sharp nayles vpon my face to seaze.
 Bescrath mine eyes, spare not my lockes to breake,
 (Anger will help thy hands though nere so weake.)
 And least the sad signes of my crime remaine,
 Put in their place thy keembed haire againe.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 8.

*Exacratur lenam. quæ puellam suam meretriciâ
arte instituebat.*

T Here is, who ere will know a hawde aright,
Giue care, there is an old trot *Dipsas* hight.
Her name comes from the thing: she being wise,
Sees not the morne on rosie horses rise.
She magick artes and *Theffale* charmes doth know,
And makes large streams back to their fountaines flow,
She knows with gras, with thrids on wrōg wheels spun,
And what with Mares ranck humour may be done.
When she will, cloudes the darkned heau'n obscure,
When she will, day shiner euery where most pure.
(If I haue faith) I saw the starres drop blood,
The purple moone with sanguine visage flood;
Her I suspect amoug nights spirits to flie,
And her old body in birdes plumes to lie.
Fame sayth as I suspect, and in her eyes,
Two eye-balles shine, and double light thence flies.
Great grand-fires from their ancient graues she chides,
And with long charmes the solide earth diuides.
She drawes chaste women to incontinence,
Nor doth her tongue want harmefull eloquence.
By chaunce I heard her talke, these words she said,
While closely hid betwixt two dores I layed.
Mistris thou knowest, thou hast a blest youth pleas'd,
He stayes, and on thy lookes his gazes seaz'd.
And why should'st thou not please? none thy face exceeds,
Ayem, thy body hath no worthy weedes.
As thou art faire, would thou wert fortunate,
Wert thou rich, poore should not be my state.

The

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Th'opposed starre of *Mars* hath done thee harme,
 Now *Mars* is gone: *Venus* thy side doth warme,
 And brings good fortune, a rich louer plants,
 His loue on thee, and can supply thy wants.
 Such is his forme as may with thine compare,
 Would he not buy thee, thou for him should'st care.
 She blush't: red shame becomes white checkes, but this
 If feigned, doth well; if true it doth amisse.
 When on thy lappe thine eyes thou doest deiect,
 Each one according to his gifts respect.
 Perhaps the *Sabines* rude, when *Tatius* raignde,
 To yeeld their loue to more then one disdaine.
 Now *Mars* doth rage abroad without all pitty,
 And *Venus* rules in her *Aeneas* citty.
 Faire women play, shee's chaste whom none will haue,
 Or, but for bashfulnesse her selfe would craue.
 Shake off these wrinkles that thy front assault,
 Wrinckles in beauty is a grievous fault.
Penelope in bowes her youths strength tride,
 Of horne the bow was that approu'd their side.
 Time flying slides hence closely, and deceaues vs,
 And with swift horses the swift yeare soone leaues vs.
 Brasse shines with vse; good garments would be worne,
 Houses not dwelt in, are with filth forlorne.
 Beauty not exercise with age is spent,
 Nor one or two men are sufficient.
 Many to rob is more sure, and lesse hatefull, (full
 From dog-kept flocks come preys to wolues most grate-
 Behold what giues the Poet but new verses?
 And thereof many thousand he rehearles.
 The Poets God arrayed in robes of gold,
 Of his gilt Harpe the well tun'd strings doth hold.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Let *Homer* yeeld to such as presents bring,
 (Trust me) to giue, it is a witty thing.
 Nor, so thou maist obtaine a wealthy prize,
 The vaine name of inferiour slaues dispize.
 Nor let the armes of ancient liues beguile thee,
 Poore louer with thy grandsires I exile thee.
 Who seekes, for being faire, a night to haue,
 What he will giue, with greater instance craue.
 Make a small price, while thou thy nets doest lay,
 Least they should fly, being tane, the tirant play.
 Dissemble so, as lou'd he may be thought,
 And take heed, least he gets that loue for nought,
 Deny him oft; faine now thy head doth ake:
 And *I* now will shew what scuse to make.
 Receiue him soone, least patient vse he gaine,
 Or least his loue oft beaten backe should waine.
 To beggers shut, to bringers ope thy gate,
 Let him within heare; bard out louers prate.
 And as first wrongd the wronged sometimes banish
 Thy fault with his fault so repul'd will vanish.
 But neuer giue a spacious time to ire,
 Anger delaide doth oft to hate retire.
 And let thine eyes constrained learne to weepe,
 That this, or that man may thy chcekcs moist keepe,
 Nor, if thou coznest one, dread to forswear,
 „*Venus* to mockt men lends a sencelesse care.
 Seruants fit for thy purpose thou must hire,
 To teach thy louer, what thy thoughts desire.
 Let them aske some-what, many asking little,
 Within a while great heapes grow of a little.
 And sister, Nurse, and mother spare him not,
 By many hands great wealth is quickly got.

OVIDS ELEGIES,

What were it for thee to require a gift,
 By keeping of thy birth make but a shift.
 Beware least he vnriual'd loues secure,
 Take strife away, loue doth not well endure.
 On all the beds men tumbling let him view,
 And thy neck with lasciuious marks made blew.
 Chiefely shew him the gifts, which others send:
 If he giues nothing, let him from thee wend.
 When thou hast so much as he giues no more,
 Pray him to lend what thou may'st ne're restore.
 Let thy tongue flatter, while thy mind'e harne-workes,
 Vnder sweet hony deadly poyson lurkes.
 If this thou doest to me by long vse knowne,
 Nor let my words be with the windes hence blowne.
 Oft thou wilt say, liue well, thou wilt pray oft,
 That my dead bones may in their graue lie soft.
 As thus she spake, my shadow me betraide,
 With much a do my hands I scarsely staide.
 But let her bleare eyes, bald scalpes thine hoary flieces,
 And riuel'd cheekes I would haue pul'd a pices.
 The gods send thee no house, a poore old age,
 Perpetuall thirst, and winters lasting rage.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Attium, amantem non oportere desidiosum
 esse, sicuti nec militem.*

ALL Louers warre, and Cupid hath his tent,
 Atticke, all louers are to warre farre sent,
 What age fits *Mars*, with *Venus* doth agree,
 Tis shame for eld in warre or loue to be.
 What yeares in souldiours Captains do require,

Those

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Those in their louers pretty maydes desire.
 Both of them watch: each on the hard earth sleepes:
 His Mistris dores this; that his Captaines keepes.
 Souldiers must trauaile farre: the wench forth lead
 Her valiant louer followes without end.
 Mounts, and raine-doubled flouds he passeth ouer,
 And treads the desert snowy heapes to couer.
 Going to sea, *East* windes he doth not chide,
 Nor to hoist sayle attends full time and tyde.
 Who but a souldier or a louer is bold,
 To suffer storme mixt snowes with nights sharp cold?
 One as a spy doth to his enemies goe,
 The other eyes his riual as his foe.
 He cities great, this thresholds lies before:
 This breakes towne gates, but he his Mistris dore.
 Oft to inuade the sleeping foe 'tis good,
 And aim'd to shed vnarmed peoples blood.
 So the fierce troupes of *Thracian Rhesus* fell,
 And Captiue horses bad their Lord fare-well.
 Sooth Louers watch till sleep the husband charmes,
 Who slumbring, they rise vp in swelling armes.
 The keepers hands and corps-dugard to passe,
 The souldiours, and poore louers worke ere was.
 Doubtfull is warre and loue, the vanquish't rise,
 And who thou neuer think'st should fall downe lies.
 Therefore who ere loue sloathfulnessse doth call,
 Let him surcease: loue tries wit best of all.
Achilles burn'd *Briseis* being tane away,
Troianes destroy the Greeke wealth, while you may.
Hector to armes went from his wiues embraces,
 And on *Adromache* his helmet laces.
 Great *Agamemnon* was, men say amazed,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

On *Priams* loose-trest daughter when he gazed.
Mars in the deepe the black-smiths net did stable
 In heauen was neuer more notorious fable.
 My selfe was dull, and faint to sloth inclinde
 Pleasure, and ease had mollified my minde.
 A faire may des care expeld this sluggishnesse,
 And to her tents wilde me my selfe addresse.
 Since maist thou se me watch & night warres moue,
 He that will not grow slothfull let him loue.

ELEGIA. 10.

Ad puellam, ne pro amore premia poscat.

SVch as the cause was of two husbands warre,
 Whom *Troian* ships fetcht from *Europa* farre.
 Such as was *Leda*, whom the God deluded
 In snow-white plumes of a false swanne included.
 Such as *Amimone* through the drie fields strayed.
 When on her head a water pitcher layed.
 Such wert thou, and I fear'd the Bull and Eagle,
 And what ere loue made *Ioue* should thee inuoeagle.
 Now all feare with my mindes hot loue abates,
 No more this beauty mine eyes captiuates.
 Ask'st why I change? because thou crau'st reward;
 This cause hath thee from pleasing me debard.
 While thou wert plaine I lou'd thy minde and face:
 Now inward faults thy outward forme disgrace.
 Loue is a naked boy, his yeares saunce staine,
 And hath no cloaths, but open doth remaine.
 Will you for gaine haue *Cupid* sell himselfe?
 He hath no bosome, where to hide base pelfe.
 Loue and Loues sonne are with fire armes to eddes

OVIDS ELEGIES.

To serue for pay besecmes not wanton gods,
The whore stands to be bought for each mans money,
And seekes vild wealth by selling of her Cony.
Yet greedy bawdes command she curseth still,
And doth constraind, what you do of good will.
Take from irrationall beasts a president,
'Tis shame their witts should be more excelent.
The Mare asks not the horse, the cow the bull,
Nor the milde ewe gifts from the ramme doth pull.
Onely a woman gets spoyle from a man
Farmes out her selfe on nights for what she can.
And lets what both delight, what both desire,
Making her ioy according to her hire.
The sport being such, as both alike sweet try it
Why should one sell it and the other buy it.
Why should I loose, and thou gaine by the pleasure,
Which man and woman reape in equall measure?
Knights of the post of periuries make saile
The vniust Iudge for bribes becomes a stale.
'Tis shame sould tongues the guilty should defend
Or great wealth from a iudgment seat ascend.
'Tis shame to grow rich by bed marchandize,
Or prostitute thy beauty for bad prize.
Thankes worthely are due for things vn Bought,
For beds ill hyr'd we are indebted nought.
The hirer payeth al, his rent discharg'd
From further duty he rests then enlarg'd
Faure Dames forbeare rewards for nights to craue
Ill gotten goods good end will neuer haue.
The Sabine gauntlets were too deerely wunne,
That vnto death did presse the holy Nunne.
The sonne slew her, that forth to meete him went,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And a rich neck-lace caus'd that punishment,
 Yet thinke no scorne to aske a wealthy churle,
 He wants no gifts into thy lap to hurle.
 Take clustred grapes from an ore-laden vine,
 Many bouous loue *Alcinous* fruite resigne.
 Let poore men shew their seruice; faith and care
 All for their Mistresse, what they haue, prepare,
 In verse to prepare kinde Wenches t'is my part,
 And whom I like eternize by mine art.
 Garments do weare, iewells and gold do wast,
 The fame that verse giues doth for euer last,
 To giue I loue, but to be ask't disdayne,
 Leauē asking, and I'le giue what I refraine.

ELEGIA. II.

*Napen alloquitur, ut paratas tabellas ad
 Corinnam perferat.*

IN skilfull gathering ruffled haire in order,
 Nape free-borne, whose cunning hath no border,
 Thy seruice for nights scapes is knowne commodious,
 And to giue sighes dull wit is odious.
Corinna clips me oft by thy perswasion,
 Neuer to harme me made thy faith ouasion.
 Receiue these lines, them to my Mistresse carry,
 Be sedulous, let no stay cause thee tarry.
 Nor flint, nor iron, are in thy soft brest,
 But pure simpliciety in thee doth rest.
 And t'is suppos'd loues bow hath wounded thee,
 Defend the ensignes of thy warre in me.
 If, what I do, she asks, say hope for night,
 The rest my hand doth in my letters write.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Time passeth while I speake, giue her my writ.
 But see that forth-with shee peruseth it.
 I charge thee marke her eyes and front in reading.
 By speechlesse lookes we guesse at things succeeding.
 Straight being read, will her to write much back,
 I hate faire *Paper* should writte matter lack.
 Let her make verses and some blotted letter,
 On the last edge to stay mine eyes the better.
 What need she try her hand to hold the quill
 Let this word, come, alone the tables fill.
 Then with triumphant laurell will I grace them,
 And in the midst of *Venus* temple place them.
 Subscribing that to her I consecrate,
 My faithfull tables being vile maple late.

ELEGIA. 12.

*Tabelias quas miscrat exeoratur quod amica
 noctem negabat.*

BEwaile my chaunce the sad booke is returned,
 This day denyall hath my sport adiourned.
 Presages are not vaine, when she departed,
 Nape by stumbling on the thre-shold started.
 Going out againe passe forth the dore most wisely,
 And som-what higher beare thy foote precisely.
 Hence luck-lesse tables, funerall wood be flying,
 And thou the waxe stufc full with notes denying,
 Which I thinke gather'd from cold hemlocks flower,
 Wherein bad hony *Corrick* Bees did power.
 Yet as if mixt with red lead thou wert ruddy,
 That colour rightly did appeare so bloody.
 As euill wood throyne in the high-ways lie.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Be broake with wheelles of chariots passing by.
 And him that hew'd you out for needfull vses,
 I'le prooue had hands impure with all abuses.
 Poore wretches on the tree themselues did strangle
 There sat the hang-man for mens necks to angle.
 To hearse scrich-owles fowle shadowes it allowes
 Vultures and furies nestled in the boughs.
 To these my loue I foolishly committed
 And then with sweete words to my Mistrisse fitted.
 More fitly had thy wrangling bonds contained
 From barbarous lips of some Attorny strained.
 Among day-bookes and bills they had layne better,
 In which the Marchat wayles his banquerout debter,
 Your name approoues you made for such like things
 The number two no good diuining bringes.
 Angry, I pray that rotten age you wrackes
 And fluttish white-mould ouergrow the waxe.

ELEGIA. 13.

Ad Aurorem ne properet.

NOW ore the sea from her old Loue comes she
 That drawes the day from heauens cold axeltree.
Aurora whither slidest thou? downe againe
 And birds from *Memnon* yearly shal be slayue.
 Now in her tender armes I sweetely bide
 If euer, now well lyes she by my side.
 The aire is cold, and sleepe is sweetest now
 And birds send forth shrill notes from euery bough,
 Whether run'st thou, that men, and women loue not
 Hold in thy rosy horses that they moue not
 Ere thou rise, starres teach sea-men where to saile

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But when thou comdest they of their courses faile.
 Poore trauailers though tired, rise at thy sight,
 And souldiers make them ready to the fight.
 The painefull hinde by thee to field is sent,
 Slowe Oxen early in the yoake are pent.
 Thou couldest boyes of sleepe, and dost betray them
 To *Pedants* that with cruell lashes pay them.
 Thou mak'st the surety to the Lawyer runne,
 That with one word hath nigh himselfe vndone.
 The Lawyer and the Client hate thy view,
 Both whom thou raisest vp to royle anew.
 By thy meanes women of their rest are bard,
 Thou setst their labouring hands to spin and card.
 All could I beare, but that the wench should rise,
 Who can endure saue him with whom none lyes?
 How oft wisht I, night would not giue thee place,
 Nor morning starres shunne thy vprising face.
 How oft that either winde would breake thy coach,
 Or steeds might fall forc'd with thicke clouds approach.
 Whether goest thou hatefull Nymph? *Memnon* the else
 Receiu'd his cole-blacke colour from thy selfe.
 Say that thy loue with *Cephalus* were not knowne,
 Then thinkest thou thy loose life is not showne.
 Would *Tithon* might but talke of thee a while.
 Not one in heauen should be more base and vile,
 Thou leauest his bed, because he's faine through age,
 And early mountest thy hatefull carriage,
 But heldst thou in thine armes some *Cephalus*,
 Then wouldst thou cry, stay night and run not thus.
 Dost punish me, because yeares make him waine,
 I did not bid thee wed an aged swaine?
 The Moone sleepest with *Endymion* euery day,

Thou

Thou art as faire as she, then kisse and play,
 Ione that thou should'st not hast but waite his leasure,
 Made two nights one to finish vp his pleasure.
 I chide no more, she blusht and therefore heard me,
 Yet lingered not the day, but morning scard me.

ELEGIA. 14.

*Puellam consolatur cui prae nimia cura
 coma desiderant.*

LEaue colouring thy tresses I did cry,
 Now hast thou left no haire at all to die.
 But what had bin more faire had they bin kept?
 Beyond thy robes thy dangling lackes had swept.
 Feard'st thou to dresse them being fine and thinne,
 Like to the silke the curious *Seres* spinne.
 Or thrids which spiders slender foote drawes out,
 Fastning her light web some old beame about.
 Not black, nor golden were they to our view,
 Yet although eith mixt of eithers hue.
 Such as in hilly *Idas* watry plains,
 The Cedar tall spoyl'd of his bark retaines.
 And they were apt to curle an hundred wayes,
 And did to thee no cause of dolour rayse.
 Nor hath the needle, or the combes teeth rest them,
 The maide that kembd them euer safely left them.
 Oft was she drest before mine eyes, yet neuer,
 Snatching the combe, to beate the wench out driue her.
 Oft in the morne her haire not yet digested,
 Halfe sleeping on a purple bed she rested.
 Yet seemely like a *Thracian Bacchinall*,
 That tyr'd doth rashly on the greene grasse fall.

When

OVIDS ELEGIES.

When they were slender, and like downy mosse,
 They troubled haire, alas, endur'd great losse.
 How patiently hot irens they did take,
 In crooked trannells crispy curls to make.
 I cryed, 'tis sinne, 'tis sinne, these haire to burne,
 They well become thee, then to spare them turne.
 Farre off be force, no fire to them may reach,
 Thy very haire will the hot bodkin teach.
 Lost are the goodly lockes, which from their crowne,
Phœbus and *Bacchus* wisht were hanging downe.
 Such were they as *Diana* painted stands,
 All naked holding in her waue-moist hands.
 Why doest thy ill kembd tresses losse lament?
 Why in thy glasse doest looke being discontent?
 Be not to see with wonted eyes inclinde,
 To please thy selfe, thy selfe put out of minde.
 No charmed herbes of any harlot skath'd thee,
 No faithlesse witch in *Thessale* waters bath'd thee.
 No sicknesse harm'd thee, farre be that away,
 No enuious tongue wrought thy thick lockes decay.
 By thine owne hand and fault thy hurt doth grow,
 Thou mad'st thy head with compound poyson flow.
 Now *Germany* shall captiue haire-tyers send thee,
 And vanquisht people curious dressings lend thee.
 Which some admiring! O thou oft wilt blush,
 And say he likes me for my borrowed bush.
 Praying for me some vnkowne *Guelder* dame,
 But I remember when it was my fame.
 Alas she almost weepes, and her white cheekes,
 Died red with shame to hide from shame she seekes.
 She holds, and viewes her old lockes in her lappe,
 Aye me rare gifts unworthy such a happe.

Cheere

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Cheere vp thy selfe, thy losse thou maiest repaire,
And be hereafter scene with natie haire.

ELEGIA. 15.

Adiuuidos, quod fama poetarum sit perennis.

ENuie why carpest thou my time is spent soill,
And termst my workes fruites of an idle quill.
Or that vnlike the line from whence I come,
Warres rusty honours are refus'd being young.
Nor that I study not the brawling Lawes,
Nor set my voyce to sale in euery cause,
Thy scope is mortall, mine eternal fame,
That all the World may euer chaunt thy name.
Homer shall liue while *Tenedos* stands and *Ide*,
Or into Sea swift *Symois* doth slide.
Ascras liues, while grapes with new wine swel,
Or men with crooked sickles corne downe fel.
The World shal of *Callamichus* euer speake,
His Arte exceld, although his wit was weake.
For euer lasts high *Sophocles* proud vaine,
With Sunne and Moone, *Aratus* shall remaine.
While bond-men cheate, fathers hoord, bawds whorish,
And strumpets flatter, shal *Menander* flourish.
Rude *Ennius* and *Plautus* full of wit,
Are both in fames eternal Legend writ.
What age of *Varroes* name shal not be told,
And *Iasons Argos* and the fleece of gold,
Lofty *Luereticus* shall liue that houre,
That nature shal dissolue this earthly bower.
Aeneas warre, and *Tityrus* shall be read,
While *Rome* of all the conquered world is head,

Till

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Till *Cupids* Bowe and fiery Shafts be broken,
 Thy verses sweet *Tybullus* shall be spoken.
 And *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to VVest,
 So shall *Lycoris* whom hee loued best.
 Therefore when Flint and Iron weare away,
 Verse is immortall, and shal nere decay.
 To Verse let Kings giue place, and Kingly showes,
 And banks ore which gold-bearing *Tagus* flowes.
 Let base conceited witts admire vilde things,
 Faire *Phæbus* lead me to the Muses springs.
 About my head be quiuering mirtle wound,
 And in sad Louers heads let me be found.
 The Liuing, not the Dead can enuy bite,
 For after Death all men receiue their right.
 Then though Death rakes my bones in funeral fire,
 Ile liue, and as he puls me downe mount higher.

The same by B. I.

ENuie, why twist thou me, my time's spent ill?
 And call'st my verse fruites of an idle quill?
 Or that (vnlike the line from whence I sprong)
 VVars dusty honors I pursue not young?
 Or that I study not the tedious *Laures*;
 And prostitute my voyce in euery cause?
 Thy scope is mortal; mine eternal Fame,
 VVhich through the world shal euer chaunt my name.
Homer wil liue, whilst *Tenedos* stands, and *Ida*,
 Or to the Sea, fleet *Symois* doth slide:
 And so shall *Hesiod* too, while vines do beare,
 Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare,
Callimachus, though in Inuention lowe,

Shall

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Shall still be sung, since he in Art doth flow.
 No losse shall come to *Sophocles* proude vaine,
 With Sunne and Moone *Aratus* shall remaine.
 Whil'st Slaues be false, Fathers hard, & Bands be whorish,
 VVhil'st Harlots flatter, shall *Menander* flourish.
Ennius, though rude, and *Accius* high-reard straine,
 A fresh applause in euery age shall gaine,
 Of *Varro's* name, what care shall not be told?
 Of *Iasons Argo?* and the *Fleece* of gold?
 Then, shall *Lucretius* lofty numbers die,
 VVhen Earth, and Seas in fire and flames shall fric.
Tutius, Tillage, *Aeneas* shall be read,
 Whil'st *Rome* of all the conquer'd world is head,
 Till *Cupids* fires be out, and his bow broken,
 Thy verses (neate *Tibullus*) shall be spoken.
 Our *Gallus* shall be knowne from East to west,
 So shall *Licoris*, whom he now loues best.
 The suffering Plough-share or the flint may weare,
 But heavenly *Poesie* no death can feare,
 Kings shall giue place to it, and Kingly shewes,
 The bankes ore which gold-beating *Tagus* flowes.
 Kneele hindees to trash: me let bright *Phaebus* swell,
 With cups full flowing from the *Muses* well.
 The frost-drad mirtle shall impale my head,
 And of sad louers I'll be often read.
 „ Enuy the living, not the dead doth bite,
 „ for after death all men receiue their right.
 Then when this body falls in funeral fire,
 My name shall liue, and my best part aspire.

P. Ouidij Nasonis Amorum

Liber Secundus.

ELEGIA. I.

Quod pro gigantomachia amores scribere
sit coactus.

I Ouid Poet of thy wantonneſſe,
Borne at *Peligny* to write more addreſſe.
So *Cupid* wills, farre hence be the ſeuere,
You are vnapt my looſer lines to heare.
Let Maydes whom hot deſire to husbands leade,
And rude boyes toucht with vnknowne loue me reade.
That ſome youth hurt as I am with loues bow,
His owne flames beſt acquainted ſignes may know.
And long admiring ſay by what meanes learn'd,
Hath this ſame Poet my ſad chaunce diſcern'd?
I durſt the great celeftiall battels tell,
Hundred-hand *Gyges*, and had done it well.
With earths reuenge and how *Olympus* topp'd,
High *Oſſa* bore mount *Pelion* yp to proppe,
Ioue and Ioues thunder-bolts I had in hand,
Which for his heauen fell on the Gyants band.
My wench her dore ſhut, loues affares I left,
Euen Ioue himſe fe out off my wit was reſt.
Pardon me Ioue, thy weapons ayde me nought,
Her ſhut gates greater lightning then thine brought.
Toyes, and light Elegies my darts I tooke,
Quickly ſoft words hard dores wide open ſtrooke.
Verſes reduce the horned bloody moone,
And call the ſunnes white horſes black at noone.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Snakes leape by verse from caues of broken mountaines,
 And turned streames run backe-ward to their fountaines,
 Verses ope doores, and lockes put in the poast
 Although of Oke, to yeeld ro verses boast ;
 What helpes it me of fierce *Achill* to sing?
 VVhat good to me wil eyther *Aiax* bring?
 Or he who war'd and wandred twenty yeare?
 Or woful *Hector* whom wild iades did teare?
 But when I prayse a pretty wenchs face
 She in requital doth me oft imbrace.
 A great reward : *Heroes* oh famous names
 Farewel, your fauour nought my minde inflames.
 VVenchs apply your faire lookes to my verse,
 VVhich golden loue doth vnto me rehearse.

ELEGIA. 2.

*Ad Bagoum, ut custodiam puella sibi commissa
 Laxiorem habeat.*

BAgous whose care doth thy Mistresse bridle,
 VVhile I speake some few, yet fit words be idle.
 I saw the Damsell walking yesterday
 There where the porch doth *Danais* fact display :
 Shee pleas'd me soone, I sent, and did her woo,
 Her trembling hand writ backe she might not doo.
 And asking why, this answer she redoubied
 Because they care too much thy mistresse troubled.
 Keeper if thou be wise cease hate to cherish,
 Beleeue me, whom we feare, we wish to perish
 Nor is her husband wise, that needes defence
 VVhen vn-protected there is no expence
 But furiously he follow his loues fire,

OVIDS ELEGIES,

And thinke her chaste whom many doe desire:
Stolne liberty she may by thee obtaine
Which giuing her, she may giue thee againe:
Wilt thou her fault learne, she may make thee tremble
Feare to be guilty, then thou maiest dissemble.
Thinke when she reades, her mother letters sent her
Let him goe forth knowne, that vnkuowne did enter:
Let him goe see her though she doe not languish
And then report her sicke and full of anguish.
If long she stayes to thinke the time more short
Lay downe thy forehead in thy lap to snort.
Enquire not what with *Iſis* may be done
Nor feare least she to th' theater's ruine.
Knowing her scapes thine honour shall encrease,
And what lesse labour then to hold thy peace?
Let him please, haunt thy house, be kindly vs'd
Enioy the wench, let all else be refus'd.
Vaine canſes faine of him, the true to hide
And what she likes, let both hold ratifide.
When most her husband bends the browes and frowncs,
His fawning wench with her desire he crowncs.
But yet sometimes to chide thee let her fall
Counterfet teares: and thee lewde hangman call.
Obiect thou then what she may well excuse,
To staine all faith in truth, by false crimes vse.
Of wealth and honour so shall grow thy heape,
Do this and soone thou shalt thy freedom reape.
On tell-tales neckes thou seest the linke-knit chaines,
The filthy prison faithlesse breasts restraynes.
Water in waters, and fruit-flying touch
Tantalus seekes, his long tongues game is such.
While *Iuno*s watch-man lo too much cyde,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Him timelesse death tooke, she was deicide
 I saw ones legges with fetters black and blew,
 By whom the husband his wiues incest knew,
 More he deseru'd, to both great harme he fram'd
 The man did grieue, the woman was defam'd.
 Trust me all husbands for such faults are sad
 Nor make they any man that heare them glad.
 If he loues not, deafe eares thou doest importune,
 Or if he loues; thy tale breeds his mistortune.
 Nor is it easily prou'd though manifest,
 She safe by fauour of her iudge doth rest.
 Though himselfe see; heele credit her denyall
 Condemne his eyes, and say there is no tryall.
 Spying his mistrisse teares, he will lament
 And say this blabbe shall suffer punishment.
 Why fighst gainst odds? to thee being cast do happe
 Sharp stripes, she sitteth in the iudges lappe.
 To meete for poyson or vilde facts we craue not
 My hands an vn sheath'd shining weapon haue not.
 We seeke that through thee safely loue we may,
 What can be easier then the thing we pray.

ELEGIA. 3.

Ad Eunuchum seruantem dominam.

AYe me an *Eunuch* keepes my mistresse chaste,
 That cannot *Venus* mutuall pleasure taste.
 Who first depriu'd young boyes of their best part,
 With selfe same wounds he gaue, he ought to smart.
 To kinde requests thou wouldst more gentle proue,
 If euer wench had made luke-warme thy loue:
 Thou wert not borne to ride, or armes to beare,

Thy

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thy hands agree not with the warlike speare,
Men handle those, all manly hopes refigue,
Thy mistrisse enfeignes must be likewise thine.
Please her, her hate, makes others thee abhorre,
If she discards thee, what vse seru'st thou for?
Good forme there is, yeares apt to play together,
Vnmeet is beauty without vse to wither.
Shee may deceiue thee, though thou her protect,
What two determine neuer wants effect.
Our prayers moue thee to assist our drift,
While thou hast time yet to bestow that gift.

ELEGIA. 4.

Quod amet mulieres, cuiuscunque forma sint.

I Meane not to defend the scapes of any,
Or iustifie my vices being many.
For I confesse, if that might merite fauour,
Heere I display my lewd and loose behauiour.
I loathe, yet after that I loathe, I runne,
Oh how the burthen irkes, that we should shunne.
I cannot rule my selfe, but where loue please,
Am driven like a ship vpon rough seas,
No one face likes me best, all faces moue,
A hundred reasons make me euer loue.
If any eye me with a modest looke,
I blush, and by that blushfull glance am tooke.
And she thats coy I like for being no clowne,
Me thinkes she would be nimble when shee's downe,
Though her fowre looks a *Sabines* brow resemble,
I thinke shee do, but deeply can dissemble.
If she be learn'd, then for her skill I craue her.

OXFORDS ELEGIES.

If not; because shees simple I would haue her.
 Before *Callimachus* one prefers me farre,
 Seeing she likes my bookes why should we iarre?
 Another railes at me and that I write
 Yet would I lie with her if that I might.
 Trips she, it likes me well, plods she, what than?
 She will be nimbler, lying with a man.
 And when one sweetly sings, then strait I long
 To quauer on her lips euen in her song.
 Or if one touch the Lute with art and cunning
 Who would not loue those hands for their swift running?
 And her I like that with a maiesty
 Folds vp her armes and makes low curtesy.
 To leaue my selfe, that am in loue with all
 Some one of these might make the chastest fall.
 If she be tall, shees like an *Amazon*,
 And therefore fills the bed she lyes vpon.
 If short, she lyes the rounder to say troth;
 Both short and long please me, for I loue both.
 I thinke what one vnderct would be, being drest
 Is she attired, then shew her graces best.
 A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow
 And nut-browne girles in doing haue no fellowe.
 If her white necke be shadowed with browne haire,
 Why so was *Lêdas*, yet was *Leda* faire.
 Amber treft is she, then on the morne thinke I
 My loue alludes to euery history:
 A young wench pleaseth, and an old is good
 This for her lookes and that for her woman-hood.
 Nay what is she that any *Roman* loues
 But my ambitious ranging minde approues.

ELE-

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 5. Ad amicam corruptam.

NO loue is so deere (quiuer'd Cupid flie)
 That my chiefe wish should be so oft to die.
 Minding my fault, with death I wish to reuill,
 Alas a wench is a perpetuall euill.
 No intercepted lines thy deedes display,
 No giftes giuen secretly thy crime bewray.
 O would my proofes as vaine might be withstood,
 Aye me poore soule why is my cause so good.
 He's happy, that his loue dares boldly credit,
 To whom his wench can say, I neuer did it.
 He's cruell, and too much his grieve doth fauour,
 That seekes the conquest by her loose behauiour.
 Poore wench I sawe when thou didst thinke I slumbred.
 Not drunke, your faults on the spilt wine I numbred.
 I saw your nodding eye-browes much to speake,
 Euen from your cheekes, part of a voyce did breake.
 Not silent were thine eyes, the boord with wine,
 Was scribled, and thy fingers writ a line.
 I knew your speech (what doe not louers see?)
 And words that seem'd for certaine markes to be.
 Now many guests were gone, the feast being done,
 The youthfull sort to diuers pastimes runne.
 I saw you then vnlawfull kisses ioyne,
 (Such with my tounge it likes me to purloine)
 None such the sister giues her brother graue,
 But such kinde wenches let their louers haue.
 Phœbus gaue not Diana such, 'tis thought,
 But Venus often to her Mars such brought.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What doest, I cryed; transportst thou my delight?
 My lordly hands ile throw vpon my right.
 Such blisse is onely common to vs two,
 In this sweet good, why hath a third to do?
 This, and what grieve inferc'd me say I say'd,
 A scarlet blush her guilty face arayed.
 Even such as by *Aurora* hath the skie,
 Or maides that their betrothed husbands spie.
 Such as a rose mixt with a lilly breeds,
 Or when the Moone traualles with charmed steedes.
 Or such, as least long yeares should turne the die,
Arachne staynes *Assyrian* iuory.
 To these, or some of these like was her colour,
 By chaunce her beauty neuer shined fuller.
 She viewed the earth: the earth to view, befeem'd her,
 She looked sad: sad, comely I esteem'd her,
 Even kemberd as they were, her lockes to rend,
 And scratch her faire soft cheekes I did intend.
 Seeing her face, mine vpreard armes descended,
 With her owne armour was my wench defended,
 I that ere-while was fierce, now humbly sue,
 Least with worse kisses she should me indue.
 She laught, and kiss'd so sweetely as might make
 Wrath-kindled *Ioue* away his thunder shake.
 I grieve least others should such good perceiue,
 And wish hereby them all vnknowne to leaue,
 Also much better were they then I tell,
 And euer seem'd as some new sweet befell.
 Tis ill they pleas'd so much, for in my lips,
 Lay her whole tongue hid, mine in hers she dips.
 This grieues me not, no ioyned kisses spent,
 Bewaile I onely, though I them lament.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

No where can they be taught but in the bed,
I know no maister of so great hire sped.

ELEGIA. 6.

In mortem psittaci.

THE parrat from East-India to me sent,
Is dead, al-fowles her exequies frequent.
Go goodly birdes, striking your breasts bewaile,
And with rough clawes your tender cheekes assaile.
For wofull hairees let piece-torne plumes abound,
For long shrild trumpets let your notes resound.
Why *Phylomele* doest *Tereus* leudnesse mourn?
All wasting yeares haue that complaint not worne?
Thy tunes let this rare birdes sad funerall borrow,
It is as great, but auncient cause of sorrow.
All you whose pineons in the cleare aire sore,
But most thou friendly turtle-doue deplore.
Full concord all your liues was you betwixt,
And to the end your constant faith stood fixt.
What *Pylades* did to *Orestes* proue,
Such to the parrat was the turtle-doue.
But what auailde this faith? her rarest hew?
Or voyce that how to change the wilde notes knew?
What helps it thou wert giuen to please my wench,
Birdes haples glory, death thy life doth quench.
Thou with thy quilles mightst make greene *Emeralds*
And passe our scarlet of red saffrons marke. (darke,
No such voyce-feigning bird was on the ground,
Thou spokest thy words so well with stammering sound.
Enuy hath rapt thee, no fierce warres thou mouedst,
Vaine babling speech, and pleasant peace thou louedst.

OVIDS ELEGIES

Behold how quailles among their battailes liue,
Which do perchance old age vnto them giue.
A little fild thee, and for loue of talke,
Thy mouth to tast of many meates did balke.
Nuts were thy foode, and Poppie caus'd thee sleepe,
Pure waters moyfture thirst away did keepe.
The rauinous vulture liues, the Puttock houers
Around the aire, the Cadesse raine discouers.
And Crowes suruiues armes-bearing *Pallas* hate,
Whose life nine ages scarce bring out of date.
Dead is that speaking image of mans voice,
The Parrat giuen me, the farre wordes best choice.
The greedy spirits take the best things first,
Supplying their voyd places with the worst.
Thersites did *Protesilaus* suruiue;
And *Hector* dyed his brothers yet aliue.
My wenches vowes for thee what should I show,
Which stormy South-windes into sea did blow?
The seuenth day came, none following mightst thou see,
And the fates distaffe empty stood to thee :
Yet words in thy benumbed pallat rung,
Farewell *Corinna* cryed thy dying tongue.
Elisium hath a wood of holme trees black,
Whose earth doth not perpetuall greene-grasse lacke,
There good birds rest (if we beleue things hidden)
Whence vncleane foules are sayd to be forbidden.
There harmelesse Swans feed all abroad the riuer,
There lues the *Phenix* one alone bird euer.
There *Iunoes* bird displayes his gorgeous feather;
And louing Doues kisse egerly together.
The Parrat into wood recei'd with these,
Turnes all the goodly birdes to what she please.

A graue

OVIDS. ELEGIES. 170

A graue her bones hides, on her corps great graue,
The little stones these little verses haue.
This tombe approues, I pleas'd my mistresse well,
My mouth in speaking did all birds excell.

ELEGIA. 7.

Amica se purgat, quod ancillam non amet.

Dost me of new crimes alwayes guilty frame?
To ouer-come, so oft to fight I shame,
If on the Marble Theater I looke,
One among many is to grieue thee tooke.
If some faire wench me secretly behold,
Thou arguest she doth secret markes vnfold.
If I prayse any, thy poore haire thou tearest,
If blame, dissembling of my fault thou fearest.
If I looke well, thou thinkest thou dost not moue,
If ill, thou saist I dye for others loue.
Would I were culpable of some offence,
They that deserue paine, bear't with patience.
Now rash accusing, and thy vaine belief,
Forbid thine anger to procure my griefe.
Loe how the miserable great eared *Asse*,
Duld with much beating slowly forth doth passe.
Behold *Cypassis* wont to dresse thy head,
Is charg'd to violate her mistresse bed.
The Gods from this sinne rid me of suspicion,
To like a base wench of despisd condition.
With *Venus* game who will a seruant grace?
Or any back made rough with stripes embrace?
Adde she was diligent thy locks to braide,
And for her skill to thee a gratefull maide.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Should I sollicite her that is so iust:
To take repulse, and cause her shew my lust?
I sweare by *Venus*, and the wingd boyes bow,
My selfe vnguilty of this crime I know.

ELEGIA. 8.

Ad Cypassim ancillam Corinna.

C*ypassis* that a thousand wayes trimst haire,
Worthy to keembe none but a Goddesse faire.
Our pleasant scapes shew thee no clowne to be,
Apt to thy mistrisse, but more apt to me.
Who that our bodies were comprest bewrayde?
Whence knowes *Corinna* that with thee I playde?
Yet blusht I not, nor vsde I any saying,
That might be vrg'd to witnesse our false playing.
What if a man with bond-women offend,
To proue him foolish did I ere contend?
Achilles burnt with face of captiue *Briseis*,
Great *Agamemnon* lou'd his seruant *Chriseis*.
Greater then these my selfe I not esteeme:
What graced Kings, in me no shame I deeme.
But when on thee her angry eyes did rush,
In both my cheekes she did perceiue thee blush.
But being present, might that worke the best,
By *Venus* Deity how did I protest.
Thou Goddesse doest command a warme South-blast,
My selfe oathes in *Carpathian* seas to cast.
For which good turne my sweeteward repay,
Let me lye with thee browne *Cypasse* to day.
Vngrate why feign'st new feares? and doest refuse;
Well mayest thou one thing for thy Mistrisse vse.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

If thou deni'st foole, Ile our deeds expresse,
And as a traytour mine owne fault confesse.
Telling thy mistresse, where I was with thee,
How oft, and by what meanes we did agree.

ELEGIA. 9.

Ad Cupidinem.

O Cupid that doest neuer cease my smart,
O boy that lyest so slothfull in my heart.
Why me that alwayes was thy souldiour found,
Doeſt harne, and in thy tents why doeſt me wound?
Why burnes thy brand, why strikes thy bow thy friends?
More glory by thy vanquiſht foes aſcends.
Did not *Pelides* whom his Speare did grieue,
Being requirde, with ſpeedy help relieue?
Hunters leaue taken beaſts, purſue the chafe,
And then things found doe euer further pace.
We people wholly giuen thee, feele thine armes,
Thy dull hand ſtaies thy ſtriving enemies harmes.
Doeſt ioy to haue thy hooked Arrowes ſhaked,
In naked bones? loue hath my bones left naked.
So many men and maidens without loue,
Hence with great laude thou maiest a triumph moue.
Rome if her ſtrength the huge world had not ſild,
With ſtrawie cabins now her courts ſhould build.
The weary ſouldiour hath the conquerd fields,
His ſword layed by, ſafe, though rude places yeelds.
The Dock in harbours ſhips drawne, from the floods,
Horſe freed from ſeruiſe range abroad the woods.
And time it was for me to liue in quiet,
That haue ſo oft ſeru'd pretty wenches dyet.
Yet ſhould I curſe a God, if he but ſaid,

Liue

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Live without loue, so sweete ill is a maide.
 For when my loathing it of heate depriues me,
 I know not whether my mindes whirle-wind driues me.
 Euen as a head-strong courser beares away,
 His rider vainely striuing him to stay.
 Or as a suddaine gaile thrusts into sea,
 The heauen-touching barke now neere the lea.
 So wauering *Cupid* brings me backe amaine,
 And purple loue resumes his dartes againe.
 Strike boy, I offer thee my naked brest,
 Heere thou hast strength, here thy right hand doth rest.
 Heere of themselues thy shafts come, as if shot;
 Better then I their quiuer knowes them not :
 Haplesse is he that all the night lyes quiet
 And slumbring, thinkes himselfe much blessed by it.
 Foole, what is sleepe but image of cold death,
 Long shalt thou rest when Fates expire thy breath.
 But me let crafty damselfs words deceiue,
 Great ioyes by hope I inly shall conceiue,
 Now let her flatter me, now chide me hard,
 Let her inioy me oft, oft be debard.
Cupid by thee, *Mars* in great doubt doth trample,
 And thy step-father fights by thy example.
 Light art thou, and more windy then thy winges,
 Ioyes with vncertaine faith thou takest and bringes :
 Yet loue, if thou with thy fayre mother heare,
 Within my brest no desert empire beare;
 Subdue the wandring wenches to thy raigne,
 So of both people shalt thou homage gaine.

Ad Gracinum quod eodem tempore duas amet.

Gracinus (well I wot) thou toldst me once,
I could not be in loue with two at once,
By thee deceiued, by thee surpriz'd am I
For now I loue two women equally.

Both are wel fauor'd, both in rich aray,
Which is the louelyest it is hard to say.

This seemes the fayrest, so doth that to me,
And this doth please me most, and so doth shee.

Euen as a Boate, tost by contrary winde,
So with this loue, and that, wauers my minde.

Venus, why doublest thou my endlesse smart?

Was not one wench enough to grieue my heart?

Why addest thou stars to heauen, leaues to greene Woods,

And to the vast deepe sea fresh water floods?

Yet this is better farre then lye alone,

Let such as be mine enemies haue none.

Yea let my foes sleepe in an empty bed,

And in the midst their bodies largely spread.

But may soft loue rouse vp my drowlie eyes,

And from my mistris bosome let me rise.

Let one wench cloy me with sweet loues delight

If one can doe it, if not, two euery night.

Though I am slender, I haue store of pith,

Nor want I strength, but weight to presse her with.

Pleasure adds fuel to my lust-full fire,

I pay them home with that they most desire.

Oft haue I spent the night in wantonnesse,

And in the morne beene linchly nere the teller.

OVIDS ELEGIES. NO

Let happy who loves mutuall skirmish layes;
And to the Gods for that death *Ouid* prays.
Let souldiers chase their enemies amaine,
And with their blood eternall honour gaine.
Let Merchants seeke wealth with periured lips;
And being wrackt carouse the sea tir'd by their ships.
But when I dye, would I might droupe with doing,
And in the midst thereof set my soule going:
That at my funeralls some may weeping crye,
Euen as he led his life, so did he dye.

ELEGIA. LI.

Ad amicam nauigantem.

THe lofty Pine from high mount *Pelion* raught
Ill wayes by rough seas wōdring waues first taught
Which rashly twixt the sharpe rockes in the deepe,
Caried the famous golden-fleeced sheepe.
O would that no Oares might in seas haue suncke
The *Argos* wrackt had deadly waters drunke,
Loe country Gods, and know bed to forsake
Corinna meanes, and dangerous wayes to take.
For thee the East and West winds make me pale,
With Icy *Boreas*, and the Southerne gale.
Thou shalt admire no woods or Citties there,
The vniust seas all blewish do appeare.
The Ocean hath no painted stones or shelles,
The sucking shore with their aboundance swells.
Maides on the shore, with marble white feet tread,
Sofarre 'tis safe, but to go farther, dread.
Let others tell how winds fierce battailes wage,
How *Scyllaes* and *Caribdis* waters rage.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And with what roeke the feard *Cerannia* threat,
 In what gulfe either *Syries* haue their feate.
 Let others tell this, and what each one speakes
 Beleeue, no tempest the beleeuers wreakes.
 Too late you looke back, when with anchor weighd,
 The crooked Barque hath her swift sayles displayd.
 The carefull ship-man now feares angry gusts,
 And with the waters sees death neere him thrusts,
 But if that *Triton*ASSE the troubled floud,
 In all thy face will be no crimson bloud.
 Then wilt thou *Ledas* noble twinne-starrs pray,
 And he is happy whom the earth holds, say,
 It is more safe to sleepe, to read a booke,
 The *Thracian* Harpe with cunning to haue strooke,
 But if my words with winged stormes hence slip,
 Yet *Galatea* fauour thou her ship.
 The losse of such a wench much blame will gather,
 Both to the Sea-nimphs and the Sea-nimphs father.
 Go minding to returne with prosperous winde,
 Whose blast may hether strongly be inclinde.
 Let *Nereus* bend the waues vnto this shore,
 Hether the windes blowe, here the spring-tide rore.
 Request mild *Zephirus* helpe for thy auail,
 And with thy hand assist thy swelling saile.
 I from the shore thy knowne ship first will see,
 And say it brings her that preserueth me.
 Ile clip and kisse thee with all contentation,
 For thy returne shall fall the vowd oblation.
 And in the forme of beds weele strow soft sand,
 Each little hill shall for a table stand:
 There wine being filld, thou many things shalt tell
 How almost wrackt thy ship in maine seas fell.

A

OPIDS ELEGIES.

And hasting to me, neither darke some night,
Nor violent South-windes did thee ought affright.
Ile thinke all true, though it be feigned matter,
Mine owne desires why should my selfe not flatter?
Let the bright day-starre cause in heaven this day be,
To bring that happy time so soone as may be.

ELEGIA. 12.

Exultat, quod amica potitus sit.

ABout my temples go triumphant bayes,
Conquer'd *Corinna* in my bosome layes.
She whom her husband, guard, and gate, as foes,
Least *Arte* should winne her, firmly did inclose:
That victory doth chiefly triumph merit,
Which without bloud-shed doth the pray inherit.
No little ditched townes, no lowely walls,
But to my share a captiue damsell falls.
When *Troy* by ten yeares battaile tumbled downe,
With the *Atrides* many gainde renowne:
But I no partner of my glory brooke,
Nor can another say his helpe I tooke.
I guide and souldier, wonne the field and weare her,
I was both horse-man, foot-man, standard-bearer.
Nor in my aet hath fortune mingled chance:
O care-got triumph hitherwards aduance.
Nor is my warres cause new; but for a Queene
Europe, and *Asia* in firme peace had beene.
The *Lapithes*, and the *Centantes* for a woman,
To cruell armes their drunken selues did summon.
A woman forc'd the *Trojanes* new to enter
Warres, iust *Latins*, in thy kingdomes center:

A WOMAN

OVIDS ELEGIES.

A woman against late-built *Rome* did send,
The *Sabine* Fathers, who sharp warres intend,
I saw how Bulls for a white Heifer strue,
Shee looking on them did more courage giue.
And me with many, but yet me without murder,
Cupid commands to moue his ensignes further.

ELEGIA. 13.

Ad Isidem, ut parientem Corinnam iuuet.

V V Hile rashly her wombes burthen she casts out,
Weary *Corinna* hath her life in doubt.
She secretly with me such harme attempted,
Angry I was, but feare my wrath exempted.
But she conceiu'd of me, or I am sure
I oft haue done, what might as much procure.
Thou that frequents *Canopus* pleasant fields,
Memphis, and *Pbaros* that sweet date trees yeelds,
And where swift *Nile* in his large channell slipping,
By seauen huge mouthes into the sea is slipping.
By fear'd *Anubis* visage I thee pray,
So in thy Temples shall *Osiris* stay.
And the dull-snake about thy offerings creepe,
And in thy pomp horn'd *Apis* with thee keepe.
Turne thy lookes hether, and in one spare twaine,
Thou giuest my mistresse life, she mine againe.
Shee oft hath seru'd thee vpon certaine dries,
Where the *French* rout engirt themselves with Baies.
On labouring women thou doest pitty take,
Whose bodies with their heavy burthensake,
Ny wench *Lucina*, I intreat thee fauour,
Worthy she is, thou should'st in mercy saue her.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

In wiues, with incest I thine Altars greete,
My selfe will bring vowed gifts before thy feete.
Subscribing *Naso* with *Corinna* sau'd,
Doe but deserue gifts with this title grau'd.
But if in so great feare I may aduize thee,
To haue this skirmish fought let it suffice thee.

ELEGIA. 14.

In amicam, quod abortivum ipsa fecerit.

V Hat helps it Woman to be free from warre?
Nor being arm'd fierce troupes to follow farre?
If without battle selfe-wrought wounds annoy them,
And their owne priuie weapon'd hands destroy them.
Who vnborne infants first to slay inuented,
Deseru'd thereby with death to be tormented.
Because thy belly should rough wrinckles lack,
Wilt thou thy wombe-inclosed off-spring wrack?
Had ancient Mothers this vile custome cherisht,
All humane kinde by their default had perisht.
On stones, our stocks originall should be hurld,
Againe by some in this vnpeopled world.
Who should haue *Priams* wealthy substance wonne,
If watty *Thetis* had her childe fordone?
In swelling wombe her twinnes had *Ilus* kilde?
He had not beene that conquering *Rome* did build.
Had *Venus* spoilde her bellies *Troyans* fruite,
The earth of *Cesars* had beene destitute.
Thou also, that wert borne faire, had'st decayed,
If such a worke thy mother had assayed.
My selfe that better dye with louing may,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Had seene, my mother killing me, to day.
 Why takest increasing grapes from Vine-trees full?
 With cruell hand why doest Greene Apples pull?
 Fruites ripe will fall, let springing things increase,
 Life is no light price of a small surcease.
 Why with hid irons are your bowels torne?
 And why dire poyson giue you babes vnborne?
 At Cholcis stain'd with childrens blood men raile,
 And mother-murderers thee bewaile.
 Both vnkinde parents, but for causes sad,
 Their wedlocks pledges veng'd their husbands bad.
 What *Tereus*, what *Iason* you prouokes,
 To plague your bodies with such harmful strokes?
Armenian Tygers neuer did so ill,
 Nor dares the Lyon his young whelpes kill.
 But tender Damsels doe it, though with paine,
 Oft dyes she that her paunch-wrapt child hath stain'd.
 Shee dyes, and with loose haire to graue is sent,
 And who ere see her, worthily lament.
 But in the ayre let these words come to nought,
 And my presages of no weight be thought.
 Forgiue her grauous Gods this one delict,
 And on the next fault punishment inflict.

ELEGIA. 15.

Ad annulum, quem dono amica dedit.

THou ring that shalt my faire girls finger binde,
 Wherein is seene the giuers louing minde:
 Be welcome to her, gladly let her take thee,
 And her small ioynts incircling round her make thee.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Fit her so well, as she is fit for me,
 And of iust compasse for her knuckles be.
 Bestring in my mistresse armes shall lie,
 My selfe poore wretch mine owne gifts now enuie.
 O would that sodainely into my gift,
 I could my selfe by secret Magick shift.
 Then would I wish thee touch my mistresse pappe,
 And hide thy left hand vnderneath her lappe.
 I would get off though straight, and sticking fast,
 And in her bosome strangely fall at last.
 Then I, that I may scale her priuie leaues,
 Least to the waxe the hold-fast drye gemme cleaues.
 Would first my beauctious wenches moist lips touch,
 Onely Ile signe nought, that may grieue me much.
 I would not out, might I in one place hit,
 But in lesse compasse her small fingers knit,
 My life, that I will shame thee neuer feare,
 Or by a load thou should'st refuse to beare.
 Weare me, when warmest showers thy members wash,
 And through the gemme let thy lost waters pass.
 But seeing thee, I thinke my thing will swell,
 And euen the ring performe a mans part well.
 Vaine things why wish I? goe small gift from hand,
 Let her my faith with thee giuen, vnderstand.

ELEGIA. 16.

Ad amicum, ut ad rura sua veniat.

S*U*lmo, Pelignies third part me containes,
 A small, but wholesome soyle with watrie veynes.
 Although the Sunne to riue the earth incline,
 And the *Icarian* froward Dog-starrs shine.

Pelign.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Pilignian fields which liquid rivers flow,
 And on the soft ground fertile Greene grasse grow.
 With corne the earth abounds, with vines much more,
 And some few pastures *Pallas* Oliues bore.
 And by the rising herbes, where cleare springs slide,
 A grasseie turffe the moistened earth doth hide.
 But absent is my fire, lyes ile tell none,
 My heate is heere, what moues my heate is gone.
Pollux and *Castor*, might I stand betwixt,
 In heauen without thee would I not be fixt.
 Vpon the cold earth pensiue let them lay,
 That meane to trauaile some long irkesome way.
 Or else will maidens, yong-menns mates, to go
 If they determine to perseuere so.
 Then on the rough *Alpes* should I tread aloft,
 My hard way with my mistresse would seeme soft,
 With her I durst the *Lybian Sirtes* break through,
 And raging Seas in boistrous South-winds plough.
 No barking Dogs, that *Syllaes* intrailes beare,
 Nor thy gulfes crooked *Malea*, would I feare.
 No flowing waues with drowned ships forth powred,
 Bycloyed *Charibdis*, and againe deuoured.
 But if sterne *Neptunes* windie powre preuaile.
 And waters force, force helping Gods to faile,
 With thy white armes vpon my shoulders feaze,
 So sweet a burthen I will beare with eaze.
 The youth oft swimming to his *Hera* kinde,
 Had then swum ouer, but the way was blinde,
 But without thee, although vine-planted ground
 Containes me, though the streames in fields surround.
 Though *Hindes* in brookes the running waters bring,
 And coole gales shake the tall trees leauy spring.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Healthfull *Peligny* I esteeme nought worth;
 Nor doe I like the countrie of my birth.
Sythia, *Cilicia*, *Brittaine* are as good,
 And rockes dyed crimson with *Promethews* blood.
 Elmes loue the Vines, the Vines with Elmes abide,
 Why doth my mistresse from me oft deuide?
 Thou swearest, deuision should not twixt vs rise,
 By me, and by my starres, thy radiant eyes.
 Maides words more vaine and light then falling leaues,
 Which as it seemes, hence winde and sea bereaues,
 If any godly care of me thou hast,
 Adde deeds vnto thy promises at last.
 And with swift Naggs drawing thy little Coach,
 (Their reines let loose) right soone my house approach.
 But when she comes, your swelling mounts sinck downe
 And falling vallies be the smooth-wayes crowne;

ELEGIA. 17.

Quod Corinna soli sit seruaturus.

TO serue a wench if any thinke it shame,
 He being iudge, I am conuinc'd of blame.
 Let me be slandered, while my fire she hides,
 That *Paphos*, and the floud-beate *Cubera* guides,
 Would I had beene my mistresse gentle prey,
 Since some faire one I should of force obey,
 Beauty giues heart, *Corinnas* lookes excell,
 Aye me why is it knowne to her so well?
 But by her glasse disdainefull pride she learns,
 Nor she her selfe but first trim'd vp discernes.
 Not though thy face in all things make thee raigne,
 (O face most cunning mine eyes to detain)

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Thou ought'st therefore to scorne me for thy mate,
 Small things with greater may be copulate,
 Loue-snarde *Calypso* is supposde to pray,
 A mortall nimphes refusing Lord to stay.
 Who doubts, with *Pelius*, *Thetis* did consort,
Egeria wi h iust *Numa* had good sport,
Venus with *Vulcan*, though smiths tooles laide by,
 With his stumpe-foote he halts ill-fauouredly.
 This kinde of verse is not alike, yet fit,
 With shorter numbers the heroick fit.
 And thou my light accept me how so euer,
 Lay in the mid bed, there be my law giuer.
 My stay no crime, my flight no ioy shall breed,
 Nor of our loue, to be asham'd we need.
 For great reuenews I good verses haue,
 And many by me to get glory craue.
 I know a wench reports her selfe *Corinne*,
 What would not she giue that faire name to winne?
 But sundry flouds in one banke neuer go,
Eurotas cold, and poplar-bearing *Po*.
 Nor in my bookes shall one but thou be writ,
 Thou doest alone giue matter to my wit.

ELEGIA. 18.

Ad Macrum, quod de amoribus scribat.

TO tragick verse while thou *Achilles* train'st,
 And new sworne souldiours maiden armes retain'st,
 We *Macer* sit in *Venus* slothfull shade,
 And tender loue hath great things hatefull made.
 Often at length, my wench depart, I bid,
 Shee in my lap sits still as earst she did.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

I said it irkes me, halfe to weeping framed,
 Aye me she cries, to loue, why art affhamed?
 Then wretches about my neck her winding armes,
 And thousand kisses giues, that worke my harmes:
 I-yeeld, and back my wit from battels bring,
 Domestick aets, and mine owne warres to sing.
 Yet tragedies, and scepters fild my lines,
 But though I apt were for such high deseignes.
 Loue laughed at my cloak, and buskines painted,
 And rule so soone with priuate hands acquainted.
 My mistresse deity also drew me from it,
 And loue triumpheth o're his busking Poet.
 What lawfull is, or we professe loues art.
 (Alas my precepts turne my selfe to finart)
 We write, or what *Penelope* sends *Vlysses*,
 Or *Phillis* teares that her *Demophoon* misses.
 What thanklesse *Iason*, *Macareus*, and *Paris*,
Phedra, and *Hipolite* my read, my care is,
 And what poore *Dido*, with her drawne sword sharp,
 Doth say, with her that loud the *Aonian* harp.
 As soone as from strange landes *Sabinus* came,
 And writings did from diuerse places frame.
 White-cheekt *Penelope* knew *Vlysses* signe,
 The step-dame read *Hyppolitus* lustlesse line.
Aeneas to *Elisa* answer giues,
 And *Phillis* hath to reade; if now she liues.
Iasons sad letter doth *Hypsipile* greete,
Sappho her vowed harp laies at *Phæbus* feete.
 Not of thee *Macer* that resound'ft forth armes,
 Is golden-tongue hid in *Mars* mid alarmes.
 There *Paris* is, and *Helen*s crymes record,
 With *Laodemeia* mate to her dead Lord.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Vnlesse I erre to these thou more incline,
Then warres, and from thy tents wilt come to mine,

ELEGIA. 19.

Adriualet, cui uxor cura non erat.

Foole if to keepe thy wife thou hast no neede,
Keepe her from me, my more desire to breede,
We skorne things lawfull, stolne sweetes we affect,
Cruell is he that loues whom none protect.
Let vs both louers hope, and feare a like,
And may repulse place for our wishes strike.
What should I do with fortune that n'ere failes me?
Nothing I loue, that at all times auails me.
Wily *Corinna*, saw this blemish in me,
And craftily knowes by what meanes to winne me.
Ah often, that her haile head aked, she lying,
Wild me, whose slow feete sought delay by flying,
Ah oft, how much she might she feign'd offence;
And doing wrong made shew of innocence.
So hauing vext she nourisht my warme fire,
And was againe most apt to my desire.
To please me, what faire tearmes and sweete words ha's
Great Gods what kisses, and how many gaue she? (she
Thou also that late tookest mine eyes away,
Oft couzen me, oft being wooed say nay.
And on thy thre-shold let me lie dispred,
Suffring much cold by hoary nights frost bred.
So shall my loue continue many yeares,
This doth delight me, this my courage cheares.
Fat loue, and too much fulsome me annoyes,
Euen as sweet meate a glutted stomack cloyes.
In brazen tower had not *Danae* dwelt,
A mothers ioy by *Ioue* she had not felt.

While

OVIDS ELEGIES.

While *Iuno Io* keepes, when hornes she wore,
Ioue liked her better then he did before.
Who couets lawfull things takes leaues from woods,
And drinke stolne waters in furrowinding floodes.
Her louer let her mock, that long will raigne,
Aye me, let not my warnings cause my paine.
What euer haps, by suffrance harme is done,
What flies, I follow, what followes me I shunne.
But thou of thy faire damsell too secure,
Begin to shut thy house at euening sure.
Search at the dore who knocks oft in the darke,
In nights deep silence why the ban-dogges barke.
Whether the subtile maide lines brings and carries,
Why she alone in empty bed oft tarries.
Let this care some-times bite thee to the quick,
That to deceits it may me forward prick.
To steale sands from the shore he loues alive,
That can effect a foolish wittals wife.
Now I forewarne, vnlesse to keep her stronger,
Thou dost begin, she shall be mine no longer.
Long haue I borne much, hoping time would beate thee,
To guard her well, that well I might intreate thee.
Thou suffrest what no husband can endure,
But of my loue it will an end procure.
Shall I poore soule be neuer interdicted?
Nor neuer with nights sharp reuenge afflicted?
In sleeping shall I fearelesse draw my breath?
Wilt nothing do, why I should wish thy death?
Can I but loath a husband growne a bawde,
By thy default thou dost our ioyes defaude.
Some other seeke that may in patience strue with thee,
To pleasure me, for-bid me to conue with thee.



P. Ouidij Nasonis amorum,
Liber tertius.

ELEGIA. I.

*Deliberatio poeta, utrum elegos pergit scribere
an potius tragedias.*

AN old wood, stands vncut of long yeares space,
Tis credible some good head haunts the place,
In midst thereof a stone-pau'd sacred spring,
Where round about small birdes most sweetely sing,
Here while I walke hid close in shadie groue,
To finde, what worke, my muse might moue, I stroue.
Elegia came with haire's perfumed sweete,
And one, I thinke, was longer, of her feete.
A decent forme, thinne robe, a louers looke,
By her footes blemish greater grace she tooke,
Then with huge steps came violent *Tragedie*,
Sterne was her front, her looke on ground did lie.
Her left hand held abroad a regal scepter,
The *Lydian* buskin fit places kept her.
And first he said, when will thy loue be spent?
O Poet carelesse of thy argument.
Wyne-bibbing banquets tell thy naughtinesse,
Each crosse waies corner doth as much expresse.
Oft some points at the prophet passing by,
And this is he whom fierce loue burnes, they cry,
A laughing stock thou art to all the citty,
While without shame thou sing'st thy lewdnesse dirty.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Tis time to moue graue things in lofty stile,
 Long hast thou loyterd, greater workes compile.
 The subject hides thy wit, mens acts resound,
 This thou wilt say to be a worthy ground.
 Thy muse hath played what may mild girles content,
 And by those numbers is thy first youth spent,
 Now giue the *Roman* Tragedy a name,
 To fill my lawes thy wanton spirit frame,
 This saied, she mou'd her buskins gaily varnish't,
 And seauen time shook her head with thick locks garnish't
 The other smilde, (I wot) with wanton eyes,
 Erre I? or mirtele in her right hand lyes
 With lofty wordes stout Tragedy (she saied)
 Why treadst me downe? art thou aye grauely played?
 Thou diggest vnequall lines should thee rehearse,
 Thou fightst against me vsing mine owne verse.
 Thy lofty stile with mine I not compare,
 Small doores vnfitting for large houses are.
 Light am I, and with thee, my care, light loue,
 Not stronger am I, then the things I moue.
Venus without me should be rusticall,
 This goldest company doth to me befall.
 What gate thy stately words cannot vnlocke,
 My flatt'ring speeches soone wide open knocke.
 And I deserue more then thou canst in verity,
 By suffering much not borne by thy seuerity.
 By me *Corinna* learns, coufening her guard,
 To get the dore with little noyse vnbar'd.
 And slipt from bed, cloth'd in a loose night-
 To moue her feet vnheard in siting downe, (gown
 Ah how oft on hard doores hung I engrau'd,
 From no mans reading fearing to be fau'd.

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ut till the keepes went forth, I forget not,
 he maide to hide me in her bosome let not.
 What gift with me was on her birth day sent,
 But cruelly by her was drown'd and rent.
 First of thy minde the happy seedes I knew,
 Tho u hast my gift, which she would from thee sue.
 She left; I say'd, you both I must beseech,
 To empty aire may go my fearfull speech.
 With scepters, & high buskins th' one would dresse me,
 So through the world should bright renowne expresse me.
 The other giues my loue a conquering name,
 Come therefore, and to long verse shorter frame.
 Grant Tragedy thy Poet times least title,
 Thy labour euer lasts, she askes but little.
 She gaue me leaue, soft loues in time make hast.
 Some greater worke will vrge me on at last.

ELEGIA. 2.

Ad amicam cursum equorum spectantem.

I Sit not here the noble horse to see,
 Yet whom thou fauourst, pray may conquerour be.
 To sit, and talke with thee I hether came,
 That thou mayst know with loue thou mak'st me flame.
 Thou view'st the course, I thee: let either heede,
 What please them, and their eyes let either feede.
 What horse-driuer thou fauourst most is best,
 Because on him thy care doth hap to rest.
 Such chance let me haue: I would brauely runne,
 On swift speedes mounted till the race were done.
 Now would I slacke the reines, now lash her hide,
 With wheels bent inward now the ring-turne ride.

OPIDS ELEGIES.

In running if I see thee, I shall stay,
 And from my hands the reines will slip away.
 Ah *Pelpos* from his coach was almost feld,
Hippodameias lookes while he beheld.
 Yet he attain'd by her support to haue her,
 Let vs all conquer by our mistress fauour.
 In vaine why flyest backe? force conioyns vs now!
 The places lawes this benifit alow,
 But spare my wench thou at her right hand feared,
 By thy sides touching ill she is intreated.
 And sit thou rounder, that behind vs see,
 For shame presse not her backe with thy hard knee.
 But on the ground thy cloaths too loosely lye,
 Gae her them vp, or lift them loe will I.
 Enuious garments so good legges to hide,
 The more thou look'st, the more the gowne enuies
 Swift *Atalantas* flying legges like these,
 Wish in his hands graspt did *Hippomines*.
 Coate-tuckt *Dianas* legges are painted like them,
 When strong wild beasts, she stronger hunts to strike the,
 Ere these were seene, I burnt: what will these do?
 Flames into flame, foulds thou powerst seas into.
 By these I iudge, delight me may the rest,
 Which he hid vnder her thinne veile suppress.
 Yet in the meane time wilt small wundes bestow,
 That from thy fanne, mou'd by my hand may blow.
 Or if my heate, of minde, not of the skie?
 I't woemens loue my captiue brest doth frie?
 While thus I speake, blacke dust her white robes ray:
 Foule dust, from her faire body go away.
 Now comes the pompe; themselves let all men cheere
 The shout is nigh; the golden pompe comes heere.

OVIDS ELEGIES. 10

First victory is brought with large spread wing,
Goddesse come heere, make my loue conquering,
Applaud you *Neptune*, that dare trust his waue,
The sea I vse not: me my earth must haue.
Souldier applaud thy *Mars*, no warrs we moue,
Peace pleaseth me, and in mid peace is lone.
With *Augures Phabus*, *Phabe* with hunters standes.
To thee *Minerva* turne the craft-mens hands.
Ceres and *Bacchus* Country-men adore,
Champions please *Pollux*, *Castor* loues horsemen more.
Thee gentle *Venus*, and the boy that flies,
We praise, great goddesse ayde my enterprize.
Let my new mistris graunt to be beloued;
She beckt, and prosperous signes gaue as she moued.
What *Venus* promis'd, promise thou we pray
Greater then her, by her leaue th' art, Ile say.
The Gods, and their rich pompe witnesse with me,
For euermore thou shalt my mistres be.
Thy legges hang-downe, thou maiest, if that be best,
Or while thy tiptoes on the foot-stoole rest.
Now greatest spectacles the *Prator* sends,
Fower-chariot-horses from the lists euen ends,
I see whom thou affectest: he shall subdue,
The horses seeme, as they desire thy knewe.
Alas he runnes too farre a bout the ring,
What doest? thy wagon in lesse compasse bring.
What dost vnhappy? her good wishes fade,
Let with strong hand the reine to bend be made.
One slowe we fauour, *Romans* him reuoke:
And each giue signes by casting vp his cloake.
They call him backe, least their gownes tesse thy haire,
To hide thee in my bosome strait repaire.

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But now againe the barriers open lye;
And forth the gay troupes on swift horses flie.
At last now conquer, and out-runne the rest:
My mistris wish confirme with my request.
My mistris hath her wish, my wish remaine:
He holds the palme: my palme is yet to gaine.
She smilde, and with quicke eyes behight some grace:
Pay it not heere, but in an other place.

ELEGIA. 13.

De amica, quæ perjurauerat.

VVhat are there Gods? her selfe she hath forsworn,
And yet remains the face she had before.
How long her lockes were ere her oath she tooke:
So long they be, since she her faith forsooke.
Faire white with rose red was before commixt:
Now shine her lookes pure white and red betwixt.
Her foote was small: her footes forme is most fit,
Comely tall was she, comely tall shee's yet.
Sharpe eyes she had: radiant like starrs they be,
By which she periurd oft hath lyed by me.
Insooth th' eternall powers grant maidens society,
Falsely to sware, their beauty hath some diety.
By her eyes I remember late she swore,
And by mine eyes, and mine were pained sore,
Say Gods: if she unpunisht you deceiue,
For others faults why do I losse receiue.
But did you not so enuy *Cephens* daughter,
For her ill-beautious mother iudg'd to slaughter:
Tis not enough, she shakes your record off,
And vnreueng'd mockt Gods with me doth scoff.

But

OVIDS ELEGIES.

But by my paine to purge her periuries,
 Couzend, I am the couzeners sacrifice.
 God is a name, no substance, fear'd in vaine,
 And doth the world in fond beliefe deteine.
 Or if there be a God, he loues fine wenches,
 And all thinges too much in their sole power drenches.
Mars girts his deadly sword on for my harme,
Pallas launce strikes me with vnconquerd arme.
 At me *Apollo* bends his pliant bow,
 At me *Ioue*s right-hand lightning hath to throw.
 The wronged Gods dread faire ones to offend,
 And feare those, that to feare them least intend.
 VVho now will care the Altars to perfume?
 Tut, men should not their courage so consume.
Ioue throwes downe woods, and Castles with his fire,
 But bids his darts from periur'd girles retire.
 Poore *Semele* among so many burned.
 Her owne request to her owne torment turn'd.
 But when her louer came, had she drawne back,
 The fathers thigh should vnborne *Bacchus* lack.
 VVhy grieue I? and of heauen reproches pen?
 The Gods haue eyes, and breasts as well as men.
 VVere I a God, I should giue women leaue,
 VVith lying lips my God-head to deceaue.
 My selfe would sweare the wenches true did theare,
 And I would be none of the Gods seuer.
 But yet their gift more moderately vse,
 Or in mine eyes good wench no paine transfuse,

E

ELE

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 4.

Ad virum servantem coniugem.

RVde man, 'tis vaine, thy damsell to commend,
To keepers trust: their wits should them defend,
Who, without feare, is chaste: is chaste in sooth:
Who, because meanes want, doeth not she doth.
Though thou her body guard, her minde is stained,
Nor, least she will, can any be restrainde.
Nor canst by watching keepe her minde from sinne,
All being shut out, th'adulterer is within.
Who may offend, sinnes least; power to do ill,
The fainting feedes of naughtinesse doth kill.
Forbeare to kindle vice by prohibition,
Sooner shall kindnesse gaine thy wills fruition.
I saw a horse against the bitte stiffe-neckt,
Like lightning go, his strugling mouth being checkt,
When he perceiu'd the raines let slack, he stay'd,
And on his loose mane the loose bridle laid.
How to attaine, what is denyed, we thinke,
Euen as the sick desire forbidden drinke.
Argus had either way an hundred eyes.
Yet by deceit loue did them all surprize,
In stone, and yron walles *Danae* shut,
Came forth a mother, though a maide there put.
Penelope, though no watch look'd vnto her,
Was not defil'd by any gallant wooer.
What's kept, we couet more: the care makes theft,
Few loue, what others haue vnguarded left.
Nor doth her face please, but her husbands loue;
I know not, what men thinke should thee so moue.

She

OVIDS ELEGIES.

She is not chaste that keeps away her loue.
 Thy feare, is then her body, valued more.
 Although thou chafe, stolne pleasure is sweet play,
 She pleaseth best, I feare, if any say.
 A free-borne wench, no right 'tis vp to lock,
 So vse we women of strange nations stock.
 Because the keeper may come say, I did it,
 She must be honest to thy seruants credit.
 He is too clownish, whom a lewd wife grieues,
 And this townes well knowne custome not beleeueth.
 Where *Mars* his sonnes not without fault did breed,
Romus and *Romulus*, *Ilias* twine-borne seed.
 Cannot a faire one, if not chaste, please thee?
 Neuer can these by any meanes agree.
 Kindly thy mistresse vse, if thou be wise,
 Looke gently, and rough husbands lawes despise.
 Honour what friends, thy wife giues, sheele giue many,
 Least labour thou shalt winne great grace of any,
 So shalt thou go with youths to feasts together,
 And see at home much, that thou nere broughtst thither.

ELEGIA. 5.

Ad amnem dum iter faceret ad amicam.

Flood with red-growne slime bankes, till I be past,
 Thy waters stay: I to my mistresse hast.
 Thou hast no bridge, nor boate with roapes to throw,
 That may transport me without oares to row.
 Thee I haue pass'd, and knew thy streame none such,
 When thy waues brim did scarce my ankles touch.
 With snow thaw'd from the next hill now thou rushest,
 And in thy fowle deepe waters thick thou rushest.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

What helpes my hast: what to haue rare small rest?
 What day and night to trauaile in her quest?
 If standing here I can by no meanes get,
 My foote vpon the further banke to set,
 Now wish I those wings noble *Perseus* had,
 Bearing the head with dreadfull arrowes clad,
 Now wish the chariot, whence corne fields were found,
 First to be throwne vpon the vtill'd ground,
 I speake old Poets wonderfull inuentions,
 Nere was, nor shall be, what my verse mentions.
 Rather thou large banke ouer-flowing riuer,
 Slide in thy bounds, so shalt thou runne for euer.
 (Trust me) land-streame thou shalt no enuie lack,
 If I a louer be by thee held back.
 Great flouds ought to assist young men in loue,
 Great flouds the force of it do often proue.
 In mid *Bithynia* 'tis said *Inachus*,
 Grew pale, and in cold foords not lecherous.
 Troy had not yet bene ten yeares siege out-stander,
 When nimph-*Neara* rapt thy lookes *Scamander*.
 What? not *Alpheus* in strange lands to runne,
 Th' *Arcadian* Virgins constant loue hath wonne?
 And *Crusa* vnto *Zanthis* first affide,
 They say *Penens* neere *Phithias* towne did hide.
 What should I name *Esop*, that *Thebe* lou'd,
Thebe who mother of fise daughters prou'd.
 If *Achelous*, I aske where thy hornes stand,
 Thou sayest broke with *Aloides* angry hand.
 Not *Calydon*, nor *Etolia* did please,
 One *Deianira* was more worth then these.
 Rich *Nile* by seven mouthes to the west sea flowing,
 Who so well keepes his waters head from knowing.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Is by *Enadne* thought to take such flame,
 As his deep whirle-pooles could not quench the same.
 Dry *Enipeus*, *Tyro* to embrace, (place:
 Fly back his shame charg'd, the streame charg'd, gaue
 Nor passe I thee, who hollow rocks downe tumbling,
 In *Tiburs* field with watry some art rumbling.
 Whom *Ilia* pleas'd, though in her lookes grieve reueld,
 Her cheekes were scratcht, her goodly haies discheueld:
 She wailing *Mars* sinne, and her vncles crime,
 Strayd bare-foote through sole places on a time.
 Her, from his swift waues, the bold floud perceau'd,
 And from the mid foord his hoarse voyce vpheau'd,
 Saying why sadly tread'st my bankes vpon,
Ilia, sprung from *Idean Laomedon*?
 Where's thy attire? why wand'rest heere althie?
 To stay thy tresses white veyle hast thou none?
 Why weep'st? and spoil'st with teares thy watry eyes?
 And fiercely knock'st thy brest that open lyes?
 His heart consists of flint, and hardest Steele,
 That seeing thy teares can any ioy then feele.
 Feare not: to thee our Court stands open wide,
 There shalt be lou'd: *Ilia* lay feare aside.
 Thou ore a hundreth *Nimphes*, or more shalt raigne,
 For fife score *Nimpher*, or more our flouds containe:
 Not *Romane* flock scorne me so much (I craue,) 1
 Gifts then my promise greater thou shalt haue.
 This said he: she her modest eyes held downe,
 Her wofull bosome a warme shower did drowne.
 Thrice she prepar'd to flie, thrice she did stay,
 By feare depriu'd of strength to runne away.
 Yet rending with enraged thumb her tresses,
 Her trembling mouth these vnmeet foundes expresses.

OIVDS ELEGIES.

O would in my fore-fathers tombe deepe layde,
 My bones had bene, while yet I was a maide,
 Why being a vestall am I wooed to wed,
 Deflowr'd and stained in vnlawfull bed.
 Why stay I? men point at me for a whore,
 Shame, that should make me blush, I haue no more.
 This said: her coate, hood-winckt her fearefull eyes,
 And into water desperately she flies.
 T'is said the slippery streame held vp her brest,
 And kindly gaue her, what she liked best.
 And I beleue some wench thou hast affected,
 But woods and groues keepe your faults vndetected.
 While thus I speake, the waters more abounded,
 And from the channell all abroad surrounded.
 Mad streame, why dost our mutuall ioyes deferre?
 Clowne, from my iourney why dost me deterre?
 How wouldst thou flow wert thou a noble floud?
 If thy great fame in euery region stood.
 Thou hast no name, but com'st from snowy mountaines,
 No certaine house thou hast, nor any fountaines,
 Thy springs are nought but raine and melted snow,
 Which wealth, cold winter doth on thee bestow.
 Either th'art muddy in mid winter tide,
 Or full of dust doest on the dry earth slide.
 What thirsty traeller euer drunke of thee?
 Who sayd with gratefull voyce perpetuall be?
 Harmefull to beasts, and to the fields thou proues,
 Perchance these, others me mine owne losse moues.
 To this I fondly loues of flouds told plainly,
 I shame so great names to haue vs'd so vainly.
 I know not what expecting, I ere while,
 Nam'd *Archelans, Inachus, and Ile,*

But

But for thy merits I wish thee, white streames,
Dry winters aye, and sunnes in heate extreame.

ELEGIA. 6.

*Quod ab amica receptus, cum ea coire non
potuit, conqueritur.*

Either she was foule, or her attire was bad,
Or she was not the wench I wish t'haue had.
Idly I lay with her, as if I lou'd not,
And like a burthen grieu'd the bed that mou'd not.
Though both of vs perform'd our true intent,
Yet could I not cast anchor where I meant.
She on my neck her Iuory armes did throw,
Her armes faire wither, then the *Sybian* snow.
And eagerly she kist me with her tongue,
And vnder mine her wanton thigh she flung.
Yea, and she sooth'd me vp, and call'd me fire,
And vs'd all speech that might prouoke and fire.
Yet like as if cold Hemlock I had drunke,
It mocked me, hung downe the head and sunke.
Like a dull Cipher, or rude block I lay,
Or shade, or body was I who can say?
What will my age do? age I cannot shunne,
When in my prime my force is spent and done.
I blush, that being youthfull, hot, and lustie,
I proue neither youth nor man, but old and rustie.
Pure rose she, like a Nunne to sacrifice,
Or one that with her tender brother lyes.
Yet boorded I the golden *Chie* twice,
And *Libas*, and the white cheek'd *Pitho* thrice.
Corinna crau'd it in a summers night.

And nine sweete bowts we had before day-light.
What wast my limbs through some *Theffalian* charmes?
May spells, and drugges do silly soules such harmes?
With virgin waxe, hath some imbast my ioynts?
And pierc'd my liuer with sharp needleffe points?
Charmes change corne to grasse and make it die,
By charmes are running springs and fountaines dry.
By charmes mast drops from oakes, from vines grapes fall,
And fruite from trees when ther's no winde at all.
Why might not then my sinewes be inchaunted?
And I grow faint as with some spirit haunted.
To this add shame: shame to performe it quaild me,
And was the second cause why vigour failde me.
My idle thoughts delighted her no more,
Then did the robe or garment which she wore.
Yet might her touch make youthfull *Pylins* fire,
And *Tython* liuelier then his yeares require.
Euen her I had, and she had me in vaine,
What might I craue more, if I aske agaie?
I thinke the great gods grieu'd they had bestow'd,
The benefite: which lewdly I fore-slow'd.
I wisht to be receiued in, in I get me,
To kisse, I kisse: to lie with her she let me.
Why was I blest? why made King to refuse it?
Chuffe-like had I not gold and could not vse it?
So in a spring thrives he that told so much,
And looks vpon the fruites he cannot touch.
Hath any rose so from a fresh yong maide,
As she might straight haue gone to Church and praide.
Well I belecue, she kist not as she shonld,
Nor vs'd the sleight and cunning which she could.
Huge oakes, hard adamants might she haue moued,

And

And with sweet words cause deafe rocks to haue moved,
 Worthy she was to moue both gods and men,
 But neither was I man nor liued then.
 Can deafe eare take delight when *Phemius* sings?
 Or *Thamirus* in curious painted things.
 What sweet thought is there but I had the same?
 And one gaue place still as an other came.
 Yet not-withstanding like one dead I lay,
 Drouping more like a rose puld yester-day.
 Now when he should not iette, he boult vpright,
 And craues his taske, and seekes to be at fight.
 Lie downe with shame and see thou stire no more,
 Seeing thou wouldst deceiue me as before.
 Thou cosonest me : by thee surpriz'd am I,
 And bide sore losse with endlesse infamy.
 Nay more the wench did not disdaine a whit,
 To take it in hand, and play with it.
 But when she saw it would by no meanes stand,
 But stil droupt downe, regarding not her hand.
 Why mockst thou me she cryed? or being ill
 Who bad thee lie downe heere against thy will?
 Either th' art witcht with bloud of frogs new dead,
 Or iaded camst thou from some others bed.
 With her loose gowne on from me she cast her,
 In skiping out her naked feete much grac'd her.
 And least her maide should know of this disgrace,
 To couer it, spilt water in the place.

ELEGIA. 7.

Quod ab amica non recipiatur, dolet.

VVhat man will now take liberall arts in hand,
 Or thiake soft verse in any stead to stand.

Wit was some-times more pretious then gold,
 Now pouerty great barbarisme we hold.
 When our bookes did my mistris faire content,
 I might not go, whether my papers went.
 She prais'd me, yet the gate shut fast vpon her,
 There and there go witty with dishonour.
 Se a rich chuffe whose wounds great wealth in-
 For bloodshed knighted before me prefer'd, (ferd,
 Foole cast thou him in thy whit armes embrace
 Foole canst thou lie in his enfoulding space?
 Know'st not this head a helm was wont to beare
 This side that serues thee, a sharpe sword did
 His left hand wheron gold doth ill alight (weare
 A target bore; bloud sprinckled was his right.
 Canst touch that had wherwith foe one lie dead?
 Ah whether is thy breasts soft nature fled?
 Behould the signes of antient fight his skarres,
 What ere he hath his body gaind in warres.
 Perhaps hee'll tell how oft he slew a man,
 Confessing this, why do'st thou touch him than?
 I the pure preitt of *Phabus* and the muses,
 At thy deafe dores in verse sing my abuses.
 Not what we slothfull knew, let wise men learne
 But follow trembling camps, and battails sterne.
 And for a good verse draw the first dart forth,
Homer without this shall be nothing worth.
Ioue being admōisht gold had soueraigne power
 To winne the maide came in a golden shewer.
 Till then, rough was her father, she seuer,
 The posts of brasse the walls of iron were,
 But when in gifts the wise adulteres came,
 She held her lap ope to receiue the same.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Yet when old *Saturne* heauens rule posselt,
 All gaine in darknesse the deepe earth supprest.
 Gold, siluer, irons heauey weight, and brasse,
 In hell were harbourd, here was found no masse.
 But better things it gaue, corne without ploughes,
 Apples, and hony in oakes hollow boughes.
 With strong plough shares no man the earth did cleaue
 The ditcher no markes on the ground did leaue.
 Nor hanging oares the troubled seas did sweepe,
 Men kept the shoare, and saild not into deepe.
 Against thy selfe, mans nature, thou wert cunning,
 And to thine owne losse was thy wit swift running.
 Why gird'st thy citties with a towred wall,
 Why letst discordant hands to armoun fall?
 What doest with seas? with th' earth thou wert content,
 Why seek'st not heau'n the third realme to frequent?
 Heauen thou affects, with *Romulus*, temples braue,
Bacchus, *Alcides*, and now *Cesar* haue.
 Gold from the earth instead of fruits we pluck,
 Souldiers by bloud to be inricht haue lucke.
 Courts shut the poore out: wealth giues estimation,
 Thence growes the Iudge, and knight of reputation.
 All, thee possesse: they gouerne fields, and lawes,
 They manadge peace, and raw warrs bloudy iawes.
 Onely our loues let not such rich churles gaine,
 Tis well, if some wench for the poore remaine,
 Now, *Sabine*-like, though chaste she seemes to liue,
 One she commands, who many things can giue.
 For me, she doth keeper, and husband feare,
 If I should giue both would the house forbeare.
 If of scorn'd louers god be venger iust,
 O let him change goods so ill got to dust.

ELE.

OIVDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 8.

Tibulli mortem deflet.

IF *Thetis*, and the morne their sonnes did waile,
 And enuious fates great goddesses assaile.
 Sad *Eeliga* thy wofull haires vnbinde :
 Ah now a name too true thou hast, I finde.
Tibullus, thy works Poet, and thy fame,
 Burnes his dead body in the funerall flame.
 Lo *Cupid* brings his quiver spoyled quite,
 His broken bowe his fire-brand without light.
 How pitteously with drooping wings he stands;
 And knocks his bare brest with selfe-angry hands.
 The locks spred on his necke receiue his teares,
 And shakeing sobbes his mouth for speeches beares.
 So at *Aeneas* buriall men report,
 Faire-fac'd *Iulius* he went forth thy court.
 And *Venus* greiues, *Tiullus* life being spent,
 As whē the wild bore *Adonus* groine had rent.
 The Gods care we are cald, and men of piery,
 And some there be that thinke we haue a diety.
 Outragious death profanes all holy things,
 And one all creatures obscure darkenesse brings.
 To *Thracean Orpheus* what did parents good,
 Or songs amazing wild beasts of the wood.
 Where *Linus* by his father *Phabus* layed,
 To sing with his vequall harpe is sayed.
 See *Homer* from whose fountaine euer fild,
Pierian deawe to Poets is dislild.
 Him the last day in blacke *Auern* hath drownd,
 Versts alone are with continuance crown'd.

The

OVIDS EL EGIES.

The worke of Poets lasts *Troyes* labours fame,
And that slowe webbe nights fal-shood did vnframe.

So *Nemesis*, so *Delia* famous are,

The one his first loue, th' other his new care.

What proffit to vs hath our pure life bred?

What to haue layne alone in empty bed?

When bad fates take good men, I am forbod,

By secret thoughts to thinke there is a god.

Liue godly thou shalt die though honor heauen

Yet shall thy life be forcibly bereauen.

Trust in good verse, *Tibullus* feels deaths paines,

Scarfe rests of all what a small vne containes,

Thee sacred Poet could sad flames destroy?

Nor feared they thy body to annoy?

The holy gods gilt temples they might fire,

That durst to so great wickednesse aspire.

Eryx bright *Empresse* turnd her looks aside,

And some, that she refrain'd teares, haue deni'd.

Yet better i'tt, then if *Corcyras Ile*,

Had thee vnkowne interr'd in ground most vile.

Thy dying eyes heere did thy mother close,

Nor did thy ashes her last offerings lose.

Part of her sorrow heere thy sister beaing,

Comes forth her vnkeembe locks a sunder tearing.

Nemesis and thy first wench ioyne their kisses,

With thine, nor this last fire their presence misses.

Delia departing happier lou'd she faith,

Was I : thou liu'dst, while thou esteemdst my faith.

Nemesis answers, what's my losse to thee?

His fainting hand in death engarisp'd me.

If ought remaines of vs but name, and spirit,

Tibullus doth *Elysium* ioy inherit.

Their

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Their youthfull browes with Iuie girt to meete him,
 With *Calvus* learn'd *Catullus* comes and greeete him.
 And thou, if falsely charged to wrong thy friend,
Gallus that car'st not blood, and life to spend.
 With these thy soule walkes, soules if death release,
 The godly, sweet *Tibullus* doth increase.
 Thy bones I pray may in the urne safe rest,
 And may th'earths weight thy ashes nought molest.

ELEGIA. 9.

*Ad Cererem, conquerens quod eius sacris cum amica
 concumbere non permittatur.*

Come were the times of *Ceres* sacrifice,
 In emptie bed alone my mistresse lies.
 Golden hair'd *Ceres* crown'd with eares of corne,
 Why are our pleasures by thy means forborne?
 Thee, goddesse, bountifull all nations iudge,
 Nor lesse at mans prosperity any grudge.
 Rude husband-men bak'd not their corne before,
 Nor on the earth was knowne the name of floore.
 On mast of oakes, first oracles, men fed,
 This was their meate, the soft grasse was their bed.
 First *Ceres* taught the seede in fields to swell,
 And ripe-earde corne with sharp-edg-d sithes to fell.
 She first constrain'd bulles necks to beare the yoke,
 And vntil'd ground with crooked plough-shares broke.
 Who thinks her to be glad at louers smarr,
 And worshipt by their paine, and lying apart?
 Nor is she, though she loues the fertile fields,
 A clowne, nor no loue from her warme brest yeelds.
 Be witnesse *Crete* (nor *Crete* doth all things feigne)

Ceres

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Crete proude that *Ioue* her nourtery maintaine.
 There, he who rules the worlds starre-spangled towers,
 A little boy drunke teate-distilling showers.
 Faith to the witnesse *Ioues* praise doth apply,
Ceres, I thinke, no knowne fault will deny.
 The goddesse saw *Iasion* on *Candian Ide*,
 With strong hand striking wild-beasts brist'led hyde.
 She saw, and as her marrow tooke the flame,
 Was diuers wayes distract with loue and shame.
 Loue conquer'd shame, the furrowes dry were burn'd,
 And corne with least part of it selfe return'd.
 When well-toss'd mattocks did the ground prepare,
 Being fit broken with the crooked share.
 And seedes were equally in large fields cast,
 The plough-mans hopes were frustrate at the last.
 The graine-rich goddesse in high woods did stray,
 Her long haire eare-wrought garland fell away.
 Onely was *Crete* fruitfull that plenteous yeare,
 Where *Ceres* went each place was haruest there.
Ida the seate of groues did sing with corne,
 Which by the wild boare in the woods was shorne.
 Law-giuing *Minos* did such yeares desire,
 And wisht the goddesse long might feelee loues fire.
Ceres what sports to thee so grieuous were,
 As in thy sacrifice we them forbear?
 Why am I sad, when *Proserpine* is found,
 And *Iuno* like with *Dis* raignes vnder ground?
 Festiuall dayes aske *Venus*, songs, and wine,
 These gifts are meete to please the powers diuine.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

ELEGIA. 10.

Ad amicam, a cuius amore discedere non potest.

Long haue I borne much, mad thy faults me make,
 Dishonest loue my wearied brest forsake.
 Now haue I freed my selfe, and fled the chaine,
 And what I haue borne, shame to beare againe.
 VVe vanquish, and tread tam'd loue vnder feete,
 Victorious wreathes at length my Temples greeke.
 Suffer, and harden: good growes by this griefe,
 Oft bitter iuyce brings to the sick reliefe.
 I haue sustain'd so oft thrust from the doore,
 To lay my body on the hard moist floore.
 I know not whom thou lewdlie did'st imbrace,
 VVhen I to watch supplied a seruants place.
 I saw when forth a tyred louer went,
 His side past seruice, and his courage spent.
 Yet this is lesse, then if he had seene me,
 May that shame fall mine enemies chaunce to be.
 When haue not I fixt to thy side close layed?
 I haue thy husband, guard, and fellow playd.
 The people by my company she pleas'd,
 My loue was cause that more mens loue she seaz'd.
 VVhat should I tell her vaine tongues filthy lyes,
 And to my losse God-wronging periuries?
 VVhat secret beeks in banquets with her youths,
 VVith priuy signes, and talke dissembling truths?
 Hearing her to be sick, I thither ranne,
 But with my riual sick she was not than,
 These hardned me, with what I keepe obscure,
 Some other seeke, who will these things endure.

Now

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Now my ship in the wished haven crown'd,
 With ioy heares *Neptunes* swelling waters sound.
 Leauē thy once powerfull words, and flatteries,
 I am not as I was before, vnwise.
 Now loue, and hate my light brest each way moue,
 But victory, I thinke will hap to loue.
 Ile hate, it I can; if not, loue gainst my will,
 Bulles hate the yoake, yet what they hate haue still.
 I flie her lust, but follow beauties creature,
 I loath her manners, loue her bodies feature.
 Nor with thee, nor without thee can I liue,
 And doubt to which desire the palme to giue.
 Or lesse faire, or lesse lewd would thou might'st be,
 Beauty with lewdnesse doth right ill agree.
 Her deeds gaine hate, her face entreateth loue,
 Ah, she doth more worth then her vices proue.
 Spare me, O by our fellow bed, by all,
 The Gods who by thee to be petiurde fall.
 And by thy face to me a powre diuine,
 And by thine eyes whose radiance burnes out mine.
 What ere thou art mine art thou: choose this course,
 Wilt haue me willing, or to loue by force.
 Rather Ile hoist vp saile, and vse the winde,
 That I may loue yet, though against my minde.

ELEGIA. II.

*Dolet amicam suam ita suis carminibus innotuisse
 ut riuales multos sibi pararit.*

VV Hat day was that, which all sad haps to bring,
 White birds to louers did not alwayes sing.
 Or is I thinke my wish against the starre?

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Or shall I plaine some God against me warres?
Who mine was cal'd, whom I lou'd more then any,
I feare with me is common now to many.
Erre I? or by my lookes is she so knowne?
Tis so: by my wit her abuse is growne.
And iustly: for her praise why did I tell?
The wench by my fault is set forth to sell.
The bawde I play, louers to her I guide:
Her gate by my hands is set open wide.
'Tis doubtfull whether verse auails, or harme,
Against my good they were an enuious charme.
When *Thebes*, when *Troy*, when *Cesar* should be writ,
Alone *Corinna* moues my wanton wit.
With Muse oppos'd would I my lines had done,
And *Phæbus* had forsooke my worke begun.
Nor, as vs will not Poets record heare,
Would I my words would any credit beare.
Scylla by vs her fathers rich haire steales,
And *Scyllæes* wombe mad raging dogs conceales.
Wee cause feete fly, wee mingle haire with snakes,
Victorious *Persæus* a wing'd steedes back takes.
Our verse great *Tityus* a huge space out-spreads,
And giues the viper curled Dogge three heads.
We make *Enceladus* vs a thousand armes,
And men inthral'd by Mermaids singing charmes.
The East winds in *Ulysses* baggs we shut,
And babbing *Tantalus* in mid-waters put.
Niobe flint, *Callisto* we make a Beare,
Bird-changed *Progne* doth her *Irys* teare.
Ioue turnes himselfe into a Swanne, or gold,
Or his Bulles hornes *Europas* hand doth hold.
Proteus what should I name? teeth, *Thebes* first seed?

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Oxen in whose mouthes burning flames did breede,
 Heav'n starre *Electra* that bewail'd her sisters?
 The ships, whose Godhead in the sea now glisters?
 The Sunne turn'd back from *Atreus* cursed table?
 And sweet toucht harp that to moue stones was able?
 Poets large power is boundlesse, and immense,
 Nor haue their words true histories pretence,
 And my wench ought to haue seem'd falsely prais'd,
 Now your credulity harme to me hath rais'd.

ELEGIA. 12.

De Iunonis festo.

VVhen fruite fil'd *Tuscia* should a wife giue me,
 We toucht the walles, *Camillus* wonne by thee.
 The Priests to *Iuno* did prepare chaste feasts,
 With famous pageants, and their home-bred beasts.
 To know their rites, well recompenc'd my stay,
 Though thether leades a rough steepe hilly way.
 There stands an old wood with thick trees dark clouded,
 Who sees it, graunts some deity there is shrowded.
 An Altar takes mens incense and oblation,
 An Altar made after the ancient fashion.
 Here when the Pipe with solemne tunes doth sound,
 The annuall pompe goes on the couered ground.
 White Heifers by glad people forth are led,
 Which with the grasse of *Tuscan* fields are fed.
 And calves from whose fear'd front no threatening flies,
 And little Piggs haue Hog-sties sacrifice,
 And Rams with hornes their hard heads wreathed back,
 Oncly the Goddesse hated Goate did lack.
 By whom disclos'd, she in the high woods tooke,

OVIDS ELEGIES.

Is said to haue attempted flight forsooke.
Now is the goat brought through the boyes with darts,
And giue to him that the first wound imparts.
Where *Iuno* comes, each youth, and pretty maide,
Shew large wayes with their garments there displayed.
Jewels, and gold their Virgin tresses crowne.
And stately robes to their gilt feete hang downe.
As is the use, the Nunnes in white veyles clad,
Vpon their heads the holy misteries had.
When the chiefe pompe comes, lowde the people hollow
And she her vestall virgin Priests doth follow.
Such was the Greeke pompe, *Agamemnon* dead,
Which fact, and countrie wealth *Halesus* fled.
And hauing wandred now through sea and land,
Built walles high towred with a prosperous hand.
He toth' *Hetrurians*, *Iuno*s feast commended,
Let me, and them by it be aye be-friended.

ELEGIA. 13

Ad amicam, si peccatura est, ut occultè peccet.

SEEing thou art faire, I barre not thy selfe playing,
But let not me poore soule know of thy straying.
Nor doe I giue thee counsell to liue chaste,
But that thou would'st dissemble, when 'tis past.
She hath not tred awry, that doth deny it.
Such as confesse haue lost their good names by it.
What madnesse ist to tell nights pranckes by day?
And hidden secrets openly to bewray?
The strumpet with the stranger will not doo.
Before the roome be cleere, and doore put too.
VWill you make ship-wrack of your honest name?

And

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And let the world be witnesse of the same.
Be more aduised, walke as a puritan,
And I shall thinke you chaste, do what you can.
Slip still, onely deny it, when 'tis done,
And before folke immodest speeches shunne.
The bed is for lasciuious toyings meete,
There vse all tricks, and tread shame vnder feete.
VVhen you are vp, and drest, be sage and graue,
And in the bed hide all the faults you haue.
Be not ashamed to strip you being there,
And mingle thighes yours euer mine to beare.
There in your Rosie lips my tongue in-tombe,
Practise a thousand sports when there you come.
Forbeare no wanton words you there would speake,
And with your pastime let the bed-head creak.
But with your robes put on an honest face,
And blush, and seeme as you were full of grace.
Deceiue all, let me erre, and thinke I am right,
And like a Wittall thinke thee voide of flight.
VVhy see I lines so oft receiu'd, and giuen?
This bed and that by tumbling made vneuen?
Like one start vp your haire tost and displac'd,
And with a wantons tooth your neck new rac'd.
Graunt this, that what you do I may not see,
If you weigh not ill speeches, yet weigh mee.
My soule fleetes, when I thinke what you haue done,
And thorough euery veine doth cold blood runne.
Then thee whom I must loue, I hate in vaine,
And would be dead, but dead with thee remaine.
Ile not sift much, but hold thee soone excus'd,
Say but thou wert iniuriously accus'd.
Though while the deed be doing you be tooke.

OVIDS ELEGIES.

And I see when you ope the two leau'd booke,
Sweare I was blinde, deny if you be wise,
And I will trust your words more then mine eyes,
From him that yeelds the palme is quickly got,
Teach but your tongue to say, I did it not,
And being iustifi'd by two words thinke,
The cause acquit's you not, but I that winke.

ELEGIA. 14.

Ad venerem, quod elegis finem imponat.

TENDER loues Mother a new Poet get,
This last end to my *Elegies* is set.
Which I *Pelignis* foster-childe haue fram'd.
(Nor am I by such wanton toyes defam'd)
Heire of an ancient house, if help that can,
Not onely by warres rage made Gentleman,
In *Virgil Mantua* ioyes: in *Catul Verone*,
Of me *Pelignis* nation boasts alone,
Whom liberty to honest armes compeld,
When carefull *Rome* in doubt their prowesse held.
And some guest viewing watry *Sulmoes* walks,
Where little ground to be inclos'd befallies.
How such a Poet could you bring forth, sayes,
How small so ere, I'le you for greatest praise.
Both loues to whom my heart long time did yeeld,
Your golden ensignes pluckt out of my field,
Horned *Bacchus* grauer furie doth distill,
A greater ground with great horse is to till.
Weake *Elegies*, delightfull Muse farewell;
A worke, that after my death, heere shall dwell.

FINIS.

EPIGRAMES.

By I. D.

Ad Musam.

FLie merry Muse vnto that merry towne,
Where thou mai'st playes, reuels, and triumphes see,
The house of Fame, and Theatre of renowne,
Where all good witts and spirits loue to be.
Fall in betweene their hands, that loue and praise thee,
And be to them a laughter and a iest:
But as for them which scorning shall reprooue thee,
Disdaine their wits, and thinke thine owne the best,
But if thou finde any so grosse and dull,
That thinke I doe to priuate Taxing leane:
Bid him goe hang, for he is but a gull,
And knowes not what an Epigramme does meane.
Which taxeth vnder a particular name,
A generall vice which merits publike blame.

Of a Gull.

OFt in my laughing rimes, I name a gull,
But this new tearme will many questions breede,
Therefore at first I will expresse at full,
Who is a true and perfect Gull indeed.
A Gull is he, who feares a Veluet gowne,
And when a wench is braue, dares not speake to her:
A Gull is he which trauerfeth the towne.
And is for marriage knowne a common woer.
A Gull is he, which while he proudly weares,
A siluer hilted Rapier by his side:
Indures the lyes, and knockes about the eares,
Whil'st in his sheath, his sleeping sword doth bide.
A Gull is he which weares good hanfome cloathes:
And stands in preface stroaking vp his hayre.

EPIGRAMES.

And filles vp his vnperfect speech with othes.
 But speakes not one wise word throughout the yeare.
 But to define a gull in termes precise,
 A gull is he which seemes, and is not wise.

In Rufum. 3.

R*ufus* the Courtier, at the Theater,
 Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
 Doth either to the stage himselfe transferre,
 Or through a grate, doth shew his double face.
 For that the clamorous fry of Innes, of court,
 Fills vp the priuate roomes of greater price:
 And such a place where all may haue resort,
 He in his singularity doth despise.
 Yet doth not his particuler humour shun,
 The common stewes and brothells of the towne,
 Though all the world in troupes do thither run.
 Cleane and vncleane, the gentie and the clowne.
 Then why should *Rufus* in his pride abhorre,
 A common seate that loues a common whore.

In Quintum. 4.

Q*uintus* the dauncer vseth euermore,
 His feete in measure and in rule to moue.
 Yet on a time he cal'd his mistresse whore,
 And thought with that sweet word to win her loue.
 Oh had his tongue like to his feete bin taught,
 It neuer would haue vttered such a thought.

In Plurimos. 5.

F*Austinus, Sextus, Cinna, Ponticus,*
VVith Gella, Lesbia, Thais, Rodope:
 Rode all to Stanes for no cause serious,
 But for their mirth, and for their lechery.
 Scarfe were they settled in their lodging, when
VVenches,

EPIGRAMES.

Wenches, with wenches; men with men fell out.
 Men with their wenches, wenches with their men,
Which strait dissolues this ill assembled rout.
 But since the diuell brought them thus together,
 To my discoursing thoughts it is a wonder.
Why presently as soone as they came thither,
 The selfe same diuell did them part a sunder.
 Doubtlesse it seemes it was a foolish diuell,
 That thus did part them, ere they did some euill.

In Titum. 6.

Thus the braue and valorous yong gallant,
 Three years together in this towne hath beene,
 Yet my Lord Chauncellors tombe he hath not seene:
 Nor the New water worke, nor the Elephant.
 I can not tell the cause without a sinile,
 He hath bin in the Counter all this while.

In Faustum. 7.

Faustus not Lord nor knight, nor wise nor old,
 To euery place about the towne doth ride,
 He rides into the fieldes, Playes to behold,
 He rides to take boate at the water side.
 He rides to Powles, he rides to th' ordinary,
 He rides vnto the house of bawdery too.
 Thither his horse doth him so often carry,
 That shortly he will quite forget to go.

In Katum. 8.

Kate being pleas'd, wisht that her pleasure could,
 Indure as long as a buffe ierkin would.
 Content thee Kate, although thy pleasure wasteth,
 Thy pleasures place like a buffe ierkin lasteth.
 For no buffe ierkin hath bin oftner worne,
 Nor hath more scrapings, or more dressings borne.

In

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In Librum. 9.

Liber doth vaunt how chafly he hath liu'd
Since he hath bin seauen years in towne and more.
For that he sweares he hath foure onely swiude,
A maide, a wife, a widdow, and a whore,
Then *Liber* thou hast swiude all women kinde,
For a fift sort, I know thou canst not finde.

In Medonem. 10.

Great Captaine *Mædon* weares a chaine of gold,
Which at fife hundred crownes is vallued
For that it was his graund-fires chaine of old,
When great King *Henry Bulloigne* conquered.
And weare it *Mædon* for it may insue
That thou by vertue of this Massie chaine
A stronger towne then *Bulloigne* mai'st subdue
If wise mens sawes be not reputed vaine.
For what said *Philip* King of *Macedon*?
There is no Castel so well fortified,
But if an Asseladen with gold comes on,
The guard will stoope, and gates fly open wide.

In Gellam. 11.

Gella if thou doest loue thy selfe take heede,
Least thou my rimes, vnto thy louer reade.
For straight thou grin'st, and then thy louer seeth
Thy canker-eaten-gumes and rotten teeth.

In Quintum. 12.

Quintus his wit infused into his braine,
Mislikes the place, and fled into his feete,
And there it wanders vp and downe the streetes,
Dabled in the dyrt, and soaked in the raine,
Doubtlesse his wit intendes not to aspire,
Which leaues his head to trauell in the mire.

EPIGRAMES.

In Senerum. 13.

THe Puritan *Senerus* oft doth reade,
This text, that doth pronounce vaine speech a sinne,
That thing defiles a man that doth proceede,
From out the mouth, not that which enters in.
Hence is it, that we seeldome heare him sweare,
And thereof as a Pharesie he vaunts.
But he deuour's more Capons in one yeare,
Then would suffice an hundred protestants.
And sooth those sectaries are gluttons all,
Aswell the threed bare-Cobler as the knight.
For those poore slaues which haue not wherewithall
Feed on the rich, till they deuoure them quite.
And so as *Pharoes* kine, they eate vp cleane,
Those that be fat, yet still themselves be leane.

In Leucam. 14.

L*Euca* in presence once a fart did let,
Some laught a little, she refus'd the place,
And mad with shame, did then her gloue forget,
Which she return'd to fetch with bashfull grace:
And when she would haue said my gloue,
My fart (qd, she) which did more laughter moue.

In Matrum. 15.

THou canst not speake, yet *Macer*, for to speake,
Is too distinguish sounds significant
Thou with harsh noyse the ayre doth rudely breake
But what thou vtterest common sence doth want.
Halfe *English* words, with fustian tearmes among.
Much like the burthen of a Northeme song.

In Fastum. 16.

THat youth saith *Faustus*, hath a Lyon scene,
Who from a dycing-house comes monie-lesse.

But

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But when he lost his haire, where had he beene,
I doubt me he had seene a Lyonesse.

In Cosmum. 17.

C*osmus* hath more discoursing in his head,
Then loue, when *Pallas* issued from his braine,
And still he striues to be deliuered,
Of all his thoughts at once, but all in vaine.
For as we see at all the play-house dores,
When ended is the play, the daunce and song:
A thousand townse-men gentlemen and whores.
Porters and seruing-men together throng,
So thoughts of drinking, thriuing, wenching, warre,
And borrowing money, raging in his minde.
To issue all at once so forward are
As none at all can perfect passage finde.

In Flaccum. 18.

THe false knaue *Flaccus* once a bribe I gaue,
The more foole I to bribe so false a knaue,
But he gaue back my bribe the more foole he,
That for my folly did not coulen me.

In Cineas. 19.

THou dogged *Cineas* hated like a dogge,
For still thou grumblest like a mastie dogge.
Compar'st thy selfe to nothing but a dogge.
Thou say'st thou art as weary as a dogge
As angry, sick, and hungry as a dogge,
As duli and melancholy as a dogge.
As lazy, sleepey, and as idle as a dogge.
But why dost thou compare thee to a dogge?
In that, for which all men despise a dogge.
I will compare thee better to a dogge.
Thou art as faire and comely as a dogge.

Thou

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Thou art as true and honest as a dogge.
 Thou art as kinde and liberall as a dogge,
 Thou art as wise and valiant as a dogge.
 But *Cineas*, I oft have heard thee tell,
 Thou art as like thy father as may be.
 Tis like enough. and faith I like it well,
 But I am glad thou art not like to me.

In Gerontem. 20.

G*erons* mouldie memory corrects,
G*old Holinshed* our famous Chronicler
 With morall rules, and pollicy collects,
 Out of all actions done these fourescore yeares.
 Accounts the time of euery old euent,
 Not from Christs birth, nor from the Princes raigne,
 But from some other famous accident,
 Which in mens generall notice doth remaine.
 The siedge of *Bulloigne*, and the plagy sweat,
 The going to *Saint Quintines* and *New-hauen*
 The rising in the North, the frost so great.
 That cart wheele printes on *Thamis* face were seene.
 The fall of money, and burning of *Powles* steeple,
 The blazing starre and *Spaniards* ouerthrow.
 By these euent, notorious to the people.
 He measures times, and things forepast doth shew.
 But most of all, he cheefely reckons by,
 A priuate chance, the death of his curst wife.
 This is to him the dearest memory,
 And the happiest accident of all his life.

In Marcum. 21.

V*Hen Marcus* comes from *Minnes* he still doth
 By come on seauē, that al is lost & gone (swear
 But that's not true, for he hath lost his haire.

One ly

EPIGRAMES.

Onely for that, he came too much at one.

In Ciprum. 22.

THe fine youth *Ciprius* is more tierse and neate,
Then the new garden of the old temple is,
And still the newest fashion he doth get,
And with the time doth chaunge from that to this,
He weares a hat now of the flat crown-blocke,
The treble ruffles, long cloake, and doublet french
He takes Tobacco, and doth weare a locke.
And wastes more time in dressing then a wench.
Yet this new fangled youth, made for these times
Doth aboute all, praise old *George Gascoines* rimes.

In Cineam. 23.

VVhen *Cineas* comes amongst his friends in morning,
He slyly spies who first his cap doth moue
Him he salutes, the rest so grimly scorning
As if for euer they had lost his loue,
I seeing how it doth the humour fit,
Of this fond gull to be saluted first.
Catch at my cap, but moue it not a whit
Which to perceiuing he seemes for spite to burst
But *Cineas*, why expect you more of me,
Then I of you? I am as good a man,
And better too by many a quality.
For vault, and daunce, and sence and rime I can.

You keep a whore at your owne charge men tell me,
Indeed friend (*Cineas*) therein you excell me.

In Gallum. 24.

Gallus hath bin this Summer time in *Friesland*,
And now return'd he speakes such warlike wordes
As if I could their *English* vnderstand,
I feare me they would cut my throat like swordes.

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He talkes of counter-scarffes and casornates,
Of parapets, of curteneyes and pallizadois,
Of flankers, raelings, gabions he prates,
And of false baites, and sallies, and scaladoes,
But to requite such gulling tearmes as these,
With words of my profession I reply:

Itell of fourching vouchers, and counterpleas,
Of withernames, essoynes and champarty.

So neither of vs vnderstanding one an other,
We part as wise, as when we came together.

In Decium. 25.

AVdacious Painters haue nine worthies made,
But Poet *Decius* more audacious farre
Making his mistris march with men of warre.
With title of tenth worthy doth her lade.

Me thinks that gull did vse his tearmes as fit
Which tearm'd his loue a giant for her wit.

In Gellam. 26.

IF *Gellas* beauty be examined
She hath a dull dead eye, a saddle nose,
An ill shapte face with morphew ouerspread.
And rotten teeth which she in laughing shoves.
Briefly she is the filthiest wench in towne,
Of all that doe the art of whoring vse:
But when she hath put on her sattin-gowne,
Her out lawne apron, and her veluet shoes.
Her greene silk stockings, and her petticoate,
Of taffary, with goulden friendge a-round,
And is withall perfum'd with ciuet hot,
Which doth her valiant stinking breath confound,
Yet she with these additions is no more,
Then a sweet, filthy, fine ill-fauoured whore.

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In Sillam. 27.

S*ylla* is often challenged to the field,
 To answer as a Gentleman his foes;
 But then he doth this only answer yeeld,
 That he hath livings and faire lands to lose.
Silla, if none but beggars valiant were,
 The King of *Spaine* would put vs all in feare.

In Sillam. 28.

V*V*ho dares affirme that *Silla* dare not fight,
 When I dare sweare hee dares aduventure more,
 Then the most braue and all-daring wight,
 That euer armes with resolution bore.
 He that dares touch the most vnholosome whore,
 That euer was retir'd into the Spittle.
 And dares court wenches standing at a dore,
 (The portion of his wit being passing litle)
 He that dares giue his dearest friends offences,
 Which other valiant fooles doe feare to do:
 And when a feauer doth confound his senses,
 Dare eate raw-beefe, and drinke strong wine thereto.
 He that dares take Tobacco on the stage,
 Dares man a whore at noone-day through the streete,
 Dares daunce in Pawles, and in this formall age,
 Dares say and do what euer is vnmeet,
 Whome feare of shame could neuer yet affright,
 Who dares affirme that *Silla* dares not fight.

In Haywoodum. 29.

H*Aywood* that did in Epigrames excell,
 Is now put downe since my light Muse arose.
 As Buckets are put downe into a Well,
 Or as a schoole boy putteth downe his hose.

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In Dacum. 30.

Amongst the Poets *Dacus* numbered is,
Yet could he neuer make an *Englisb* rime,
But some prose speeches I haue heard of his,
Which haue bin spoken many a hundred time.
The man that keepes the *Eliphant* hath one,
Wherein he tells the wonders of the beast,
An other *Banckes* pronounced long a-gon,
When he his curtalls qualities exprest:
He first taught him that keeps the monuments,
At Westminster, his formall tale to say.
And also him with Puppets represents,
And also him which with the Ape doth play:

Though all his Poetry be like to this,
Amongst the Poets *Dacus* numbred is,

In Priscum. 31.

VVhen *Priscus* raise from low to high estate,
Rod through the streete in pompous iollitie,
Caius his poore familliar friend of late,
Be-spake him thus: Sir now you know not me.

'Tis likly friend (quoth *Priscus*) to be so
For at this time my selfe I do not know.

In Brunam. 32.

B*runus* which deemes himselfe a faire sweete youth;
Is thirty nine yeares of age at least:
Yet was he neuer, to confesse the truth,
But a dry staruling when he was at best.
This gull was sicke to shew his Night-cap fine,
And his wrought pillow ouer-spread with lawne,
But hath bin well since his griefes cause hath line,
At Trollops by Saint Clements Church in pawnes

EPIGRAMES.

In Francum. 33.

VHen *Francus* comes to solace with his whore
He sends for rods, & strips himselfe stark naked;
For his lust sleeps, and will not rise before,
By whiping of the wench it be awaked.

I enuey him not, but wish I had the power,
To make my selfe his wench but one halfe houre.

In Castorem. 34.

OF speaking well, why do we learne the skill?
Hoping thereby honor and wealth to gaine.
Sith rayling *Castor* doth by speaking ill,
Opinion of much wit and golde obtaine.

In Septimum. 35.

S*eptimus* liues, and is like Garlike leene,
For though his head be white, his blade is greene:
His old mad Coult deserues a Martyres praise,
For he was burne d in Queene *Maryes* daies.

Of Tobacco. 36.

HOmer of *Moly*, and *Nepenthe* sings
Moly the gods most soueraigne hearb diuine,
Nepenthe Heauens drinke most gladnesse brings,
Hearts grieve expels, and doth the wits refine:
But this our age another world hath found.
From whence a hearb of Heauenly power is bought,
Moly is not so soueraigne for a wound.
Nor hath *Nepenthe* so great wonders wrought.
It is *Tobacco*, whose sweet substanciall fume,
The hellish torment of the teeth doth eate,
By drawing downe, and drying vp the rewme,
The Mother and the Nurse of each disease,
It is *Tobacco* that doth cold expell,
And clears the obstructions of the Arteries,

And

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And surfets threatning Death in generall.
 Decocting all the stomacks crudities,
 It is *Tobacco* which hath power to clarifie,
 The cloudy mists before dim eyes appearing,
 It is *Tobacco* which hath power to ratifie,
 The grosse humor which doth stop the hearing,
 The wasting Hectique, and the Quartain feuer,
 Which doth of Phisique make a mockerie,
 The gowt it cures, and helps ill breaths for euer,
 Whether the cause in Teeth or stomach be,
 And though il breath, were by it but confounded:
 Yet that Medicine it doth farre excell,
 Which by sir *Thomas Moore* hath bin propounded.
 For this is thought a Gentle-man-like smell,
 O that I were one of these Mounti-bankes,
 Which praise their Oyles, and Powders which they sell,
 My customers would giue me coyne with thankses,
 I for this ware, forsooth a Tale would tell.
 Yet would I vse none of these tearmes before,
 I would but say, that it the Poxe will cure:
 This were enough, without discoursing more,
 All our braue gailants in the towne t'allure,

In Crassum. 37.

C*Rassus* his lyes are not pernicious lyes,
 But pleasant fictitious hurtfull vnto none:
 But to himselfe, for no man counts him wise,
 To tell for truth, that which for false is knowne.
 He sweares that *Gauut* is three score miles about,
 And that the bridge at *Paris* on the *Seyn*,
 Is of such thicknes, length and breadth throughout,
 That fixe score Arches can it scarce sustaine.
 He sweares he saw so great a dead mans scull,

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At *Canterbury* digd out of the ground :
 That would containe of wheat, three bushels full,
 And that in *Kent* are twenty yeomen found,
 Of which the pooreſt euery yeare diſpends.
 Fiue thousand pound; theſe and fiue thousand mo,
 So oft he hath receited to his friends :
 That now himſelfe, perſwades himſelfe 'tis ſo.
 But why doth *Crassus* tell his lyes ſo riſe,
 Of Bridges, Townes, and things that haue no life.
 He is a Lawyer, and doth well eſpie,
 That for ſuch lyes an action will not lye.

In Philonem. 38.

P*hilo* the Lawyer and the Fortune teller,
 The ſchoolmaſter, the midwife and the bawd:
 The coniuſer, the buyer, and the ſeller,
 Of painting which with breathing will be thawd,
 Doth practiſe Phicke, and his credit growes.
 As doth the Ballad fingers auditorie.
 Which hath at Temple barre his ſtanding choſe,
 And to the vulgar ſings an Ale-houſe ſtory.
 Firſt ſtands a Porter, then an Oyſter wife,
 Doth ſtint her cry, and ſlay her ſteps to heare him.
 Then comes a cut-purſe ready with a knife,
 And then a country client paſſeth neere him.
 There ſtands the conſtable, there ſtands the where,
 And liſtning to the ſong, heed not each other.
 There by the ſerieant ſtands the debtor,
 And doth no more miſtruſt him then his brother:
 Thus *Orpheus* to ſuch giueth Muſique,
 And *Philo* to ſuch patients giueth Phicke.

In Fuſcum. 39.

F*uſcus* is ſee, and hath the world at will,

Yet

EPIGRAMES.

Yet in the courſe of life that he doth leade:
 He's like a horſe which turning round a mill,
 Doth alwaies in the ſelfe ſame circle treades:
 Firſt he doth riſe at ten and at eleuen
 He goes to *Gyls*, where he doth eate til one;
 Then ſees a play till ſixe, and ſups at ſeaueh,
 And after ſupper, ſtraight to bed is gone.
 And there till ten next day he doth remaine,
 And then he dines, then ſees a *Commedy*,
 And then he ſuppes, and goes to bed againe:
 Thus round he runs without variety:
 Saue that ſometimes he comes not to the play
 But falls into a whore-houſe by the way.

Ia Afrum 40.

THe ſmel feaſt *Aſer*, trauailes to the Burſe
 Twice euery day the neweſt news to heare
 Which when he hath no money in his purſe,
 To rich mens tables he doth often beare:
 He tels how *Grenigen* is taken in,
 By the braue conduct of illuſtrious *Vere*:
 And how the Spaniſh forces *Breſt* would win,
 But that they do victoriquous *Norris* feare.
 No ſooner is a ſhip at ſea ſurpriſ'd,
 But ſtraight he learns the newes and doth diſcloſe it:
 Faire written in a ſcrowle he hath names,
 Of all the widowes which the plague hath made,
 And perſons, times and places, ſtill he frames:
 To euery tale the better to perſwade:
 We call him *Fame*, for that the wide-mouth ſlaue,
 Will eate as faſt as he wil vtter lies
 For *Fame* it ſaid an hundred mouthes to haue,
 And he eates more then would five ſcore ſuffice.

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In Paulam. 41.

BY lawfull mart, and by vnlawfull stealth,
Paulus in spite of enuy fortunate,
 Deriues out of the Ocean so much wealth,
 As he may well maintaine a Lords estate,
 But on the land a little gulse there is,
 Wherein he drowneth all the wealth of his.

In Licum. 42.

L*icus* which lately is to *Venice* gone,
 Shall if he do returne, gaine three for one:
 But ten to one, his knowledge and his wit,
 Will not be betered or increas'd a whit.

In Publium. 43.

P*ublius* student at the common Law,
 Oft leaues his bookes, and for his recreation
 To Paris-garden doth himselfe withdraw,
 Where he is rauisht with such delectation
 As downe amongst the Beares and Dogs he goes
 Where whilst he skiping cries to head, to head.
 His fatten doublet and his veluet hose,
 Are all with spittle from aboue be-spread.
 When he is like his fathers country shall,
 Stinking with dogs, and muted all with haukes.
 And rightly too on him this filth doth fall,
 Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes,
 Leauing old *Ployden*, *Dier* and *Brooke* alone,
 To see old *Harry Hunkes* and *Sacarson*.

In Sillam. 44.

V**V**Hen I this proposition had defended,
 A coward cannot be an honest man,
 Thou *Silla* seemest forthwith to be offended,
 And holds the contrary and swears he can.

But

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But when I tell thee that he will forsake
His dearest friend, in perill of his life,
Thou then art chang'd and saist thou didst mistake,
And so we end our argument and strife.

Yet I thinke oft, and thinke I thinke aright,
Thy argument argues thou wilt not fight.

In Dacum. 45.

D *Acus* with some good colour and pretence,
Teames his loues beauty silent eloquence
For she doth lay more colours on her face,
Then euer *Tully* vs'd his speech to grace.

In Marcum. 46.

V Hy dost thou *Marcus* in thy misery,
Raile and blaspheme, and call the heauens *svn*.
The heauens do owe no kindnesse vnto thee, (kind,
Thou hast the heauens so little in thy minde,
For in thy life thou neuer vsed prayer,
But at primero, to encounter faire,

Meditations of a Gull. 47.

S E E yonder melancholy Gentleman,
Which hood-winked with his hat, alone doth sit,
Thinke what he thinkes and tell me if you can,
What great affaires troubles his little wit.
He thinkes not of the war twixt *France* and *Spaine*,
Whether it be for Europs good or ill,
Nor whether the Empire can it selfe maintaine
Against the *Turkish* power encroching still.
Nor what great towne in all the Netherlands,
The States determine to besiedge this spring,
Nor how the *Scottish* pollicy now stands,
Nor what becomes of the *Irish* mutining.
But he doth seriously bethinke him whether

EPIGRAMES.

Of the guld people he the more esteem'd,
 For his long cloake, or his great blacke feather,
 By which each gull is now a gallant deem'd,
 Or of a Iourney hee deliberates,
 To Parris-garden cocke-pit or the play:
 Or how to steale a dogge he meditates,
 Or what he shall vnto his mistris say:
 Yet with these thoughts he thinks himselfe most fit,
 To be of Counsell with a King for wit.

Ad Musam. 48.

PEace idle Muse, haue done, for it is time,
 Since lowlie *Ponticus* enuies my fame,
 And sweares the better sort are much too blame
 To make me so well knowne for my ill rime;
 Yet *Bankes* his horse is better knowne then he,
 So are the Cammels and the westerne Hog,
 And so is *Lepidus* his printed dogge:
 Why doth not *Ponticus* their fames enuy.
 Besides this muse of mine, and the blacke fether
 Grew both together fresh in estimation,
 And both growne stale, were cast away together:
 What fame is this that scarce lasts out a fashion:
 Onely this last in credit doth remaine,
 That from hence-forth, each bastard cast forth rime
 Which doth but saour of a libell vaine,
 Shall call me father, and be thought my crime,
 So dull and with so little sence endur'd,
 Is my grosse headed iudge the multitude.

I. D.

FINIS.